The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV JUNE, 1937 No. 6

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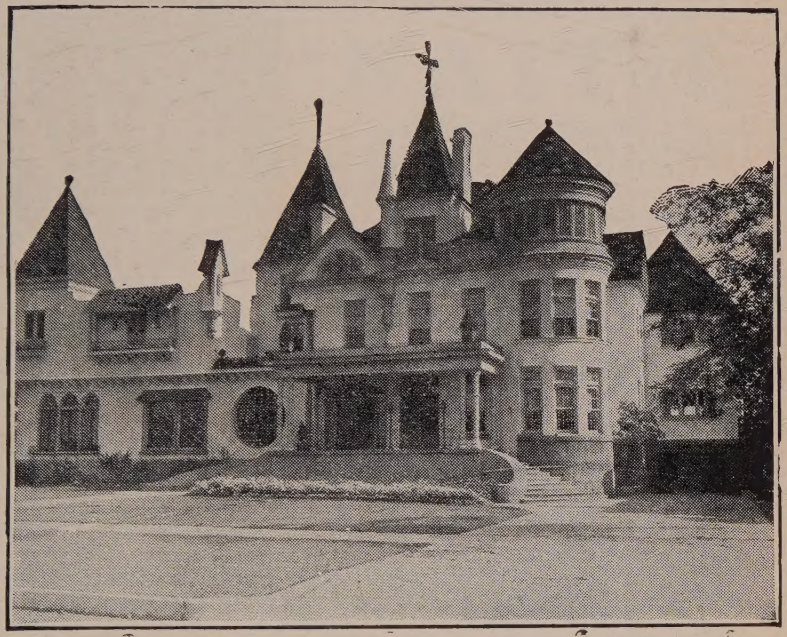

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIV JUNE, 1937 No. 6

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Dr. Henry Neumann, Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, will lecture on ethics.

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Warren C. Davis, Ed. D (Education) Athenaeum, Rochester, New York.
W. W. Henderson, Ph. D. (Zoology) U. S. A. C.
Leland W. Creer, Ph. D. (History) President, Weber College.
E. Edgar Fuller, J. D. (Education) President, Gila College.
Charles W. Graves, B. S. (Physical Education) University of Southern California.
W. Virgil Smith, M. A. (Education) Director of Instruction and Research. Seattle Schools.
Claude Eggertsen, M. A. (Education) Secondary Training School, University of Minnesota.

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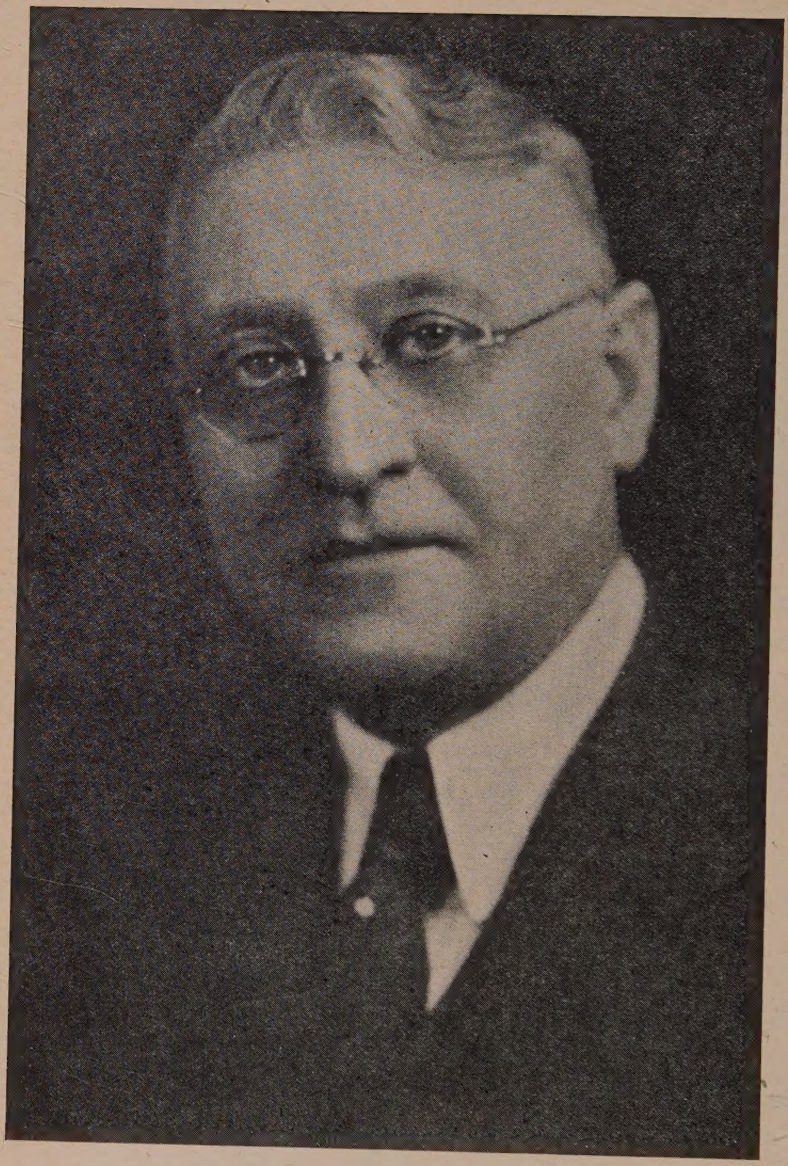
THE SHAFT TURNS HOME

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Say something that shall happiness enstate,
Some word of praise, some pleasantry, each day,
Say on until the habit you create,
And bickering and slander drown away;
See beauty every day and pass it on,
Some lovely thing that others do not see,
A primsy cloud, a star, a burst of song,
And shape the discord into harmony.
Not now and then, but every single day,
Do something for another in his need,
Some gift of self, his burden to allay,
And see your own load lighten at the deed,
For as you help another to endure,
The shaft turns home—you help your own self more!



ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIV JUNE, 1937 No. 6

Albert Ernest Bowen

of the Council of the Twelve

By Dr. W. W. Henderson

THIS article is a brief story of conversion to the church in a foreign land; immigration to America under trying circumstances; crossing the dusty, unproductive plains from the Missouri River to Salt Lake Valley by foot, or cart, or covered wagon; colonization and the hunt for homing places in the wild desert lands of the Great Basin; settling down to conquer the untamed resources which man had never touched, and win an existence from soil that had been almost forever the possession of the sage, the native grasses and the wild beasts which lived among them. This is a brief mention of a God-fearing people, striving together in these new lands to build up social communities, and then the silent but certain call to the great centers, of those pioneer youth who looked with vision beyond the horizon which bounded the little and much limited far-away settlements in which these youth found themselves. It is a story of magnificent leadership spread far out, and the return of this leadership, in a generation or two, to the very centers from which a wonderful movement spread, to take an influential hand in guiding the great master wheel that gave, and still gives, spirit and wisdom and vitality to the whole affair. This grand panorama is the course that has been run by Elder Albert Ernest Bowen, with his good forebears beginning the pageant on British soil and with his own skillful hand now participating at the great and guiding helm.

"GO ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15) No greater labor of love was ever laid on the faithful than that; and probably no greater order was ever given in behalf of mankind. Il Duce would send his emissaries into other lands to impose fascism. Der Feuhrer would impose the nazi doctrine; and Stalin would have communism of his kind cover the earth; all of them by force, if necessary. Jesus would have his missionaries go voluntarily to carry the love of God to all who dwell on earth, that peace may abide in all the nations and good will in every heart. It was this lovely message of the Savior that the faithful missionaries of the Church were attempting to bear to all men; it was this "sound

of the gospel" that caught the attention of David Bowen, the young man in Wales, and Annie Shackleton, the young woman in England, unknown to each other, who were destined to meet and be joined in holy wedlock, far away in the land of Zion, and be the parents of Elder Bowen.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." This statement does not carry a promise to pay for goodness nor a threat to destroy those who fail. It is merely a plain statement of natural consequence. If one believes and then acts as if he really does, appropriate reward is the only result that can follow. If one does not believe he will likely not act as if he does and this failure like all failures has damning consequences. The life and the actual day to day living of David Bowen and Annie Shackleton and the family they brought up have been consistent with a sincere and devout acceptance of the gospel of Christ. They heard the "word," they did what it required, and the "house" they built upon "a rock" has never been shaken by wind, or rain, or flood. The reward has been certain.

DAVID BOWEN came to Utah from Wales in 1856. Annie Shackleton came from England in 1860. Both were in early youth, but they paid for their own passage with hard work and hard saving. They both came to Utah alone, as far as their own families were concerned. They met each other in Salt Lake City in 1860, married in 1861, and lived in Salt Lake until 1869. In these eight years, they acquired a little home of their own in the city, a five acre tract in "The Big Field", a family of four children, an increased love for the gospel they had espoused in their youth, and an enlarged vision of the part they must take in the great movement they were a part of.

COLONIZATION was one of the most evident of the Latter-day Saints activities in those early days. Thousands of people were coming annually to join the saints in Utah. Not only must the population spread out into new territory to prevent overcrowding, but all promising places must be taken possession of while the opportunity was favorable. Under a carefully planned program of settlement set up by the church under the direction of that greatest of all known colonizers, President Brigham Young, some of the saints were moving eastward from Salt Lake into Wyoming, some were moving southward into Utah's Dixie, and into Arizona, some westward into Nevada and some northward into Idaho. The most successful attempt at colonization the world knows about was being carried on with order and enthusiasm. People coming to Utah from all Lands were finding new homes and happily building up hundreds of successful and happy communities. The spirit of colonization took hold of the Bowens and the Bowens took hold of the movement. It helped them along into new opportunity. Important as this was to them, it was very much more important to the colonization movement. They helped it. They gave the movement direction and strength; they gave it wisdom; they gave it tenacity, industry, intelligence and fortitude. Those colonizers who moved along with the Bowens did so largely by reason of the Bowens. Ask any of them who were there and they will tell you that the Bowens were the moving and uplifting spirits in the settlement. Elder Bowen said in one

of his excellent essays, "The life of one great man is worth more in the world than the cattle on a thousand hills." (B. Y. C. Bulletin, Vol. X, No. 3.) It was so with this fine Bowen family in that great movement of people seeking new places to make homes and build communities.

THE Bowens settled on Henderson Creek, a few miles south of Malad, Idaho, in the fall of 1869. It was here that Elder Bowen was born in 1876. The family moved a little later on to Samaria, a settlement about five miles southwest of Malad. This was their home for many years. They played a leading role in developing community life, in building churches, in organizing and carrying on religious institutions, in setting up schools, in accumulating good books and in crystallizing moral and religious sentiment into worthy standards of living.

One brief glance into the Bowen home in the evening is beautiful. Father Bowen was industriously and thoughtfully reading the Bible or other church works. These were his favorites and claimed all his spare time. Mother Bowen was enjoying another classical English work of Thackeray or Scott or Dickens or another of this class, which she had managed in some ingenious way to possess; pausing at times to drive home a beautiful lesson to the rest of the family everyone of whom had a book in his hand or his "head in a book." Every winter evening was a night school. Mother teaching the great English classics, father teaching the Church works, and every member of the family an honor student. Given a few homes like this in every community and they will easily make the whole world into a paradise. Elder Bowen truthfully said, a quarter of a century ago, "Improvement is like everything else; the desire for it has to be inspired before it can take place, and it takes opportunity to suggest possibility and beget desire. No one can have a desire for that which his mind has not conceived and the presence of that which leads to and suggests worthy conceptions, begets noble desires, and these in turn find expression in exalted achievement." (Loc cit) Elder Bowen must have gotten this grand thought right out of his own home.

ALL that has been said in this brief article, so far, constitutes the solid foundation upon which Albert Ernest Bowen has built his life. Probably he would not, or could not wish a better foundation. How could there be a better one? He had within him that blessed gift of understanding which enabled him to see clearly what the entire panorama was, of what it was all about. He had also that magnificent gift of response which reacts sensibly to wholesome stimulus. By the time he had come to his youth, he was all wound up like some superior mechanism, having within him an unyielding power to keep on going. Energy, ambition and determination had been so deeply implanted in him, that there was never a thought of deviation from the courses on which his good father and his ingenious mother had started him. He was never like a meteor to shine out in a brief dazzle and then fall somewhere, but like a planet set going within the limitations of universal law to find his course to be constant and progressive.

BERT BOWEN had visioned college days, and in spirit, had attended college long before he arrived

there. He had known some of his school teachers intimately, had seen how grand it was to be learned and had dared to envision himself sometime engaged in the noble vocation of school teacher.

At the Brigham Young College in Logan he met many other young folks, brought up as he had been, in the same great movement, by sturdy parentage, in rough country under conditions of material poverty and spiritual riches. To all these fine young folks, he was an inspiration. No student ever outclassed him in character and scholarship. The leadership we mention in our first paragraph made itself strongly manifest in A. E. Bowen the very first year he was at college. His instructors remarked that he was distinctly on his way to the front ranks. Nothing but an all defeating calamity could have stopped this young scholar on his wy to some position of eminence where he could be useful to the most people possible. Elder Bowen said in the general conference of the church on April 6, 1937, "that the only thing in the world that counts is people. In all of his ministry Jesus was concerned only with people; nothing else mattered." Elder Bowen's old college day friends know that he was thinking this same grand thought thirty-five years ago. "I have never regarded myself as a person of particular consequence," said Elder Bowen. (Loc. cit) All his friends know that, and many will recall that his remark is a worthy example of Emerson's great truism "All great men are willing to be small." (Compensation) Space compels that this article come to a close. We trust to others to tell much that we must necessarily omit.

BROTHER BOWEN has never had to ask the question "Where shall I get an opportunity?" He has always been able to see opportunity. He has, however, often faced the perplexing question "Which opportunity shall I take?" Many of them have come to him. The wisdom to choose rightly has ever been his. When he received the late call to the Apostleship he very modestly said, "I pledge you that I will give it all my strength." This is a magnificent pledge, and it is no new pledge for A. E. Bowen. He made this pledge first on Henderson Creek. He repeated this pledge when he went to college, and again when selected for the debating team forty years ago, and how many times before and since, nobody knows. This pledge is not a slogan of his, it is a lifetime policy as deep seated as the very internal organs that keep him breathing.

IDEALISTS

By Claire Stewart Boyer

We are all poets to the same degree
That we are true to what we wish to be.

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

I

HELEN'S heart sank as she stood and watched the train speeding rapidly on in the distance. She had so hated to leave it. There had been a sense of security and wellbeing within its handsomely finished interior that had deserted her the minute she had stepped out onto the station platform.

When the train had finally gone around a curve and out of sight she looked about in her more immediate vicinity. The little town lay close to some towering mountains, the largest she had ever seen. She wondered if her destination lay beyond them or out west over the plain that seemed to stretch on barren and most uninteresting.

Only two other passengers had left the train at the little wayside town and they had already disappeared, apparently lucky folk knowing where they were going and how to get there. Deciding that she had best be making some attempts to find out where she herself was going she walked into the station and up to the ticket window. The station agent was enjoying his lunch and had an abundance of thick sandwiches and a bottle of milk spread before him. Helen coughed politely a second time before he turned around and said, "Yeah? What kin I do fer you, sister?"

"I'm going to Medford," she answered, "and I'd like to know how to get there."

"Well, I dunno now. The mail's gone. Leaves at nine in the morning. Guess maybe you'll have to stay here over night. There's a good hotel in town."

"But I don't want to stay here over night," objected Helen. "Isn't there anyone else going out?"

"Billy's outside with a load of freight. He might take you if you don't mind riding on a truck." The agent turned back to his lunch with an air of having done his full duty and Helen went outside. She found the truck with the driver industriously piling it high with boxes. She scrutinized him carefully for a minute but finally decided to take her chances with the truck rather than spend a night in Junction City and began pleasantly, "Are you" she hesitated. She couldn't very well say, "Are you Billy?" when she had never seen the man before. "Are—are you going to Medford?" she finally managed to say.

Billy stopped loading and looked around at her. He was a man about fifty, short and spry and just escaped being grizzled looking. He beamed on Helen affably and said, "Sure thing. Just about ready to go. Want to send somethin' along?"

Helen smiled back at him. "I'd like to go myself if you can make room for me."

Billy looked dubiously at the pile of luggage over on the platform. "I might put you in," he said, "but I don't know about your stuff over there. I guess you'd want to be taking that along."

"I'd have to take my traveling bag and I wouldn't dare leave my violin," she answered, "but the rest can wait."

"Wall, jest to show you that my

heart's in the right place," said Billy cheerfully, "I'll unload some of this stuff and put yourn on. I told Pete I'd bring out this canned goods if I had room. Well—I ain't got room," and suiting his action to his words, Billy began taking the boxes out.

"I don't like to inconvenience anyone," laughed Helen, "but I imagine that I need my clothes just as much as Pete needs canned tomatoes."

"Sure you do," agreed Billy. "Now you climb right up there in the driver's seat and I'll have this stuff out in no time."

Helen climbed up in front taking her violin case along for safe keeping while Billy packed her trunk and suitcase into the space recently occupied by Pete's canned tomatoes. When he had made everything secure, Billy got in beside her and started off with a jerk.

"Old Bertha here do hate to start," he said half apologetically, "but she's a good nag onct she gits goin'."

Helen decided to reserve judgment on Bertha's prowess for the time being but hoped for the best.

As they drove through the main street of the town she noticed some eating houses and suddenly remembered that she had had no lunch but decided that she couldn't very well ask Billy to wait for her while she stopped to appease her appetite. It prompted her, however, to ask how far the distance was to Medford.

"Just fifty miles," answered Billy. "We can make it easy in two or three hours if all goes smooth."

Helen fervently hoped that all would go smooth and wished that she had had the forethought to take the box of chocolates out of her handbag before Billy had tucked it away so securely behind. It occurred to her that she ought to introduce herself and she raised her voice above the noise of the truck to say, "My name is Helen Burt."

"Oh, sure," nodded Billy in apparent satisfaction, "you're the new schoolteacher."

"Yes, I am," replied Helen. "How did you know?"

"Wall, today's Friday an' school starts Monday an' you're young and pretty so that wa'n't so hard to figure out."

"Are all school teachers young and pretty?" asked Helen in amusement.

"All the ones that come out here are, but they mostly only teach about a year or so," chuckled Billy.

"Why? What happens to them?"

"They marries and settles down." Billy nodded for emphasis.

"Out here?" queried Helen.

"Sure. Why not?" demanded Billy. "This is a fine country out here."

"I'm sure it is," agreed Helen.

"Where's your home town?" asked Billy in a tone wherein Helen thought she detected a bit of a challenge.

"Long Beach, California," she answered.

"Hm—you don't have any snow down there, do you?" Billy was mildly scornful.

"No," admitted Helen. "At least none that ever stays on the ground."

"Wall you'll see plenty of it out here in Wyoming." Billy waxed eloquent. "Sometimes it covers all the fences and gits so deep here in these mountains that the mail can't git through fer a week at the time. You can't go anyplace 'cept in a bobsleigh and the thermometer drops to 40 below."

Helen gave him a sidelong glance. "You are just teasing me," she said smiling.

"Not on your life, I ain't," Billy asserted vigorously. "There'll be six

months when you won't see anything but snow on the ground as fer as you kin look.

"How long have you lived here?" asked Helen.

"Fifty years. Ever sence I was born."

"Well then, I guess I can stand it for one year," and Helen settled back philosophically to enjoy the scenery about her.

"They were well into the canyon now and although "Bertha" protested at the extra effort the climb required of her she nevertheless kept going stoically on.

The pines and quaking aspen made a picture of vivid greenness that was new and refreshing to Helen after the brown autumn of southern California that she had just left. She felt some of the enthusiasm returning that she had felt when she first started out on her journey. She was young and there was adventure ahead. What if the snow did get four feet deep and the thermometer drop to 40 below? It might be ever so much fun and would certainly be something to tell her grandchildren about when she was old.

Right now, however, she could think of nothing more delightful than eating a good square meal. She had eaten her breakfast way back in another state and hadn't expected that it would have to sustain her halfway across the country.

"Have we much further to go?" she finally asked Billy hoping that he might urge the truck to a little greater speed.

"Nope. We're well over half way. Why—gettin' tired?"

"No. not especially," said Helen, although she had long since decided that there were other things more conducive to comfort than jolting over fifty miles of canyon road in a truck, "but I am hungry."

"Shucks! is that all? Well, I kin soon fix that. Ma allus puts in a few extry sandwiches in my lunch in case I git stalled on the way. Here they are"—and reaching down under the seat, Billy brought forth a paper bag and placed it in Helen's lap.

She found the sandwiches to be of true western proportions but they were neatly wrapped in clean wax paper so she accepted them gratefully.

Half an hour later Billy turned around a curve in the mountain road and said triumphantly, "There's the valley. Ain't she purty?"

Helen leaned forward breathlessly. Ever since she had received her contract to teach in the little Wyoming town she had tried to visualize it but the scene before her was entirely different from her mental picture. Instead of the broad sagebrush covered plains of her imaginings she saw a valley etched in delicate green. Several small towns were scattered about at almost precise intervals with ranches covering every other available bit of space. There were very few trees except the quaking aspen that clung to the lower part of the hills.

Helen smiled back at Billy. "It's awfully pretty," she agreed. "I know I am going to like it. Which town is Medford?"

"The first one comin' up," he answered, nodding at the village just below them. "Do you want to go to Mis' Riley's?"

"Well, I don't know. Isn't there a hotel of some sort?"

"That's Mis' Riley. She usually keeps the teacher an' anyone else that happens to be passin' through."

Helen was not much taken with the idea of moving into a home for the winter, unsight and unseen, but

there seemed to be no other choice so she agreed that Billy should leave her at Riley's.

He stopped in front of a large frame house and honked unceremoniously at a woman working out in a sketchy garden. "Hi, Ellen!" he called as the woman straightened up slowly and began walking toward them. "Here's the new teacher."

As this was apparently meant to be some sort of introduction Helen acknowledged it with a smile.

"Come right in," Mrs. Riley said affably, quite as if she had been expecting Helen—which perhaps she had. "If you'll unload her things Billy, I'll get Pa to help carry them in. "Oh, Johnny!" she called to a fair haired boy standing on the porch, "Go tell your pa the teacher's come."

HELEN descended from the truck and walking toward Mrs. Riley, held out her hand. "My name is Helen Burt," she said. She was beginning to think that if she didn't soon give them something else to call her she would be known permanently as "the teacher."

Mrs. Riley hastily wiped her hands on her kitchen apron before she took Helen's and then she led the way into the house and up a narrow stairway. "This front room will be yours," she said ushering Helen into a small low-ceilinged room. "Make yourself to home."

Billy and Mr. Riley were just behind with her trunk and the three Riley children brought up the rear. When Helen was duly installed and Billy had been paid, the whole retinue departed leaving her what she was tempted to describe as "alone at last."

She took off her hat and looked around her. The room held a large double bed, a table, two chairs, a dresser and a small black heating stove. Helen gazed at the latter almost in amazement. She hadn't realized that such things were still in use or at least that she would ever be called on to use one herself.

SHE unpacked a few clothes and then went downstairs as the room was chilly and there was no fire as yet in the black stove. She wandered into what was undoubtedly the parlor since it contained a piano but it was cold here too. There were sounds of activity and odors of cooking food issuing from the kitchen but Helen wasn't sure that she would be welcome there so she went back upstairs for a sweater and went outside.

The air was crisp and invigorating and she walked rapidly down the road. She passed a few houses with their invariably larger barns at the rear and herds of cattle standing in nearby fields.

Suddenly she espied a red brick building a short distance away that was unmistakably the school house. A sharp thrill of anticipation ran through her. She simply must see it closer. Perhaps the door would be unlocked or if not, she could at least take a peek through a window. By cutting through the field she could reach it in a few minutes.

She hesitated a moment and then climbed the fence and jumped down with an agility of which she was rather proud. She was half way across the field when a masculine voice called to her, "Hey, you! Get out of there!"

Helen who had been picking her way rather carefully over the uneven field glanced up to see the owner of the voice standing near a gate made of log bars. She gave him only a cool glance. She wasn't go-

ing to hurt his old field by walking on it.

"Hurry up, you little fool!" he called again, apparently noticing that she was being deliberately slow. "Can't you see that critter watching you?"

She glanced around and noticed an unusually large animal eyeing her with distrust and suspicion. For a brief second Helen thought that she would take her chances with the animal rather than obey the command to run but a sudden snort behind her changed her mind in a hurry and she fled with all her energy to the gate where the waiting man seized her and pulled her over.

He set her down on the ground and gave her an extra shake for good measure as he demanded, "Haven't you got any sense? Don't you know that's where Jed Mason keeps his bull?"

Helen released herself from his none too gentle grasp, and glared back at him, "No, of course I don't know. Why should I?" she asked indignantly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Ma'am," the young man was suddenly embarrassed. "I didn't notice before you was a stranger.

Helen let him squirm a few moments for punishment and then smiled as she said, "It's quite all-right, and thanks for jerking me over the danger line."

(*To Be Continued*)

The Sheepskin on the Wall

By Sibyl Spande Bowen

THE only bright spot in the whole picture to Mark Manson was Sue, sitting several rows ahead of him, with the "D's", the ugly mortar board cap perched at a pert angle on her bright brown hair. Her head was thrust slightly forward, her lips were parted. There was an air of breathless expectancy about her, as if she were on the brink of a thrilling adventure, as if she believed all those old saws the commencement speaker was loosing with such pious unction on the graduating class seated in their black gowns before him.

"She looks like a bird," Mark thought, "all enthusiasm, as if the world had been handed to her on a silver platter today." He eyed the facile-tongued orator balefully and thought, "Oh yeah, we're the world's hope all right. They won't even give us a job."

The speech came to a caressing close. The audience, half-hypnotized by the smooth flow of words, sat silent for a moment, then broke into relieved motion, coughed, buzzed with long suppressed chatter, and crowded out behind the seniors to a triumphant recessional march from the orchestra. The seniors marched into the faculty room to receive congratulations, kisses and flowers. There was no one there for Mark. His people lived too far away, but Sue was completely surrounded by the Davis family. She waved to Mark, a sheaf of red roses in her hand. He made motions, their secret sign code. Sue laughed, and nodded her head. She would meet him, this indicated, at their particular bench at the far end of Cedar Walk.

MARK found their bench, laid the suitbox containing his cap and gown beside him, and sat down to wait. The crowd about the univer-

sity thinned rapidly, rolling away in long lines of cars, hurrying down the walk in garrulous twos and threes. The walk empty, Mark sank his head between his hands and glowered to his heart's content. It was a beastly mood to end his college career in, this panicky feeling of not being wanted, of having no place to go. It wasn't fair. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to face Sue, lovely in her pale silk dress and white coat.

"I sneaked up on you," she laughed, and do you know you look like you're posing for a picture of 'young man in deep despair'. Move over. I've gorgeous news for you. For us, I mean. Uncle Jed Davis dropped in for the big day, and he says we can run the company store down at Cherry Creek. Now we can get married at once, Mark, the way we planned to if that job down in Arizona had come through."

Mark's frown had lifted at Sue's first words. At mention of the store his mouth tightened angrily. "Did you say good news? Listen here, Sue, I love you with everything I've got, and I'd give a good deal to get married right away, but there are limits. You ask me to go down in the desert and run that dinky little mining camp store after I've slaved away here for four years getting a degree so I could be an engineer. Not on your life. I'll find a way to use my training, or I'll do nothing."

Red flared into Sue's cheeks. Her brown eyes sparked angry glints. "You'll do nothing, then, I guess. Just about six hundred seniors after a few coy jobs, so your chance isn't so bright, my lad." She dropped her anger swiftly and laid a hand on his arm. "Mark, dear, it won't be permanent. Just so we can get a start."

"Nothing doing, darling. I'll get a job in time. Don't you worry about that. But it'll be the job I want, not just something to pay the grocery bill with," Mark said, tossing a blond lock out of his eyes.

Sue was white. "I—I see. Your job comes first, I come second. I—I thought—oh, well what's the use talking about it. I won't stand in your way, Mark. You'll be better off without me hanging on to you—free to wait for the right kind of job."

"Sue," Mark cried, "don't talk that way. You know how I feel about you. It's just that I don't want to start wrong. I won't ask you to wait for me if you don't want to." His blue eyes were pleading, but Sue saw only his set, stubborn mouth.

Suddenly they were standing, facing each other with hostile wariness. Mark couldn't tell how it happened. Certainly the last thing he wanted was a break with Sue, who had been his "girl" all through college, but here it was.

"Thanks for suggesting it," Sue whispered with an attempt at irony, "that's a neat way of putting it Don't worry. I'm not the kind to 'wait' for anybody. I—oh, what's the use. Happy landings, Mr. Engineer." She turned and ran across the lawn, but not before Mark had seen the glint of angry tears in her brown eyes.

Mark felt a sudden, sinking, desolation. She'd gone. Well, let her, if that was the way she wanted it. He had himself to consider in this affair. He sat down on the bench again, his long frame slumping dejectedly on the bench. There was no particular reason why he should go anyplace, he reflected bitterly. For all Sue, or anyone else cared, he could sit out his life on the edge of Cedar Walk, and the world would never know the difference. Just one less nuisance looking for a job. He was quite overwhelmed with this warm wash of self-pity.

AN old man ambled down the walk from the Assembly building. A dressy old soul, Mark noticed sourly, with fawn-colored gloves and a red carnation in his buttonhole. That ruddy face was vaguely familiar. He was expensively dressed, too, the way certain of the older generation could afford to dress. They'd had all the chances, of course, when the country was new and there were more jobs than men. Mark wished with all his heart that he had been born thirty years earlier.

"Couldn't get a cab. Too many other people wanted them, so I thought I'd walk down this way to a bus. You get them here, don't you?" the old fellow remarked cheerfully, pausing before Mark. "Mind if I share that bench with you for a few minutes? Too nice a day to hurry away from a grand campus like this one."

Mark moved his suit box ungraciously and the man sat down. The lid slipped from the box and disclosed the cap and gown within. The old man pounced on it happily.

"So you're one of those lucky young graduates I saw today." He took off his own expensive felt hat and perched the mortarboard atop his thick white hair. "Here's how I looked forty years ago, just such a June day as this one. Of course the hair was red, and the face wasn't, but you get the general idea," he explained expansively, turning his slightly cherubic old face up to the summer sun.

Mark grinned, in spite of himself. The old fellow was in such a gay mood he couldn't keep his own private grouch. "Are you one of our alumni, sir?" he asked, more agreeably, "I understand it's the forty-year reunion today, all right."

"Not of this college, son. Not this college," the old man said, removing the cap and turning it about on his hand, "my college could hide in a wing of this big place and never be noticed. Cherry Hill College, it is, down in Virginia. But it was a real college, son, don't forget that. Old Dr. Peabody never let a man get a degree unless he was educated, and then he got his sheepskin with all the flourishes the college could put on. Real sheepskin, too. None of this parchment paper stuff for Dr. Peabody."

"Well," Mark growled, plunged into melancholy again by the mention of sheepskins, "I guess it doesn't make much difference to us fellows. Likely we won't ever get a chance to use even an imitation one."

The old man broke into his cherry-cheeked grin again. "Ha, that sounds like home to me. You know I never got a chance to use my education, either, real sheepskin and all."

"You never got a chance to use it?" repeated Mark, lifting his head and tossing back the blond lock in amazement, "why that's ridiculous. Forty years ago this country could use all the men it could get, trained or not. They didn't have enough of any profession."

"Had plenty of lawyers even forty years ago," the old man twinkled, "but that's not the story. Fact was, when I got back to my father's farm after I graduated, father was on his death bed. He made me promise I'd run the farm until the younger boys were through college, so they could have the chance I'd had."

"Just like a woman asking her daughter never to marry until she died," Mark objected, "it wasn't fair."

"You bet it was fair," the old man flashed," we knew what duty was in those days. And I got married, all right. Martha and I built us a pretty little place the other end of the farm, and I hung my sheepskin on the wall while the boys and I ran that place

and made it pay. All three of them went through Cherry Hill college before mother died, and then we sold the farm and divided up the money. I had two boys of my own by that time, with a baby girl thrown in for good measure. Then, with the farm off my hands, and the boys on their own, I decided to set up an office and practice law, as I'd been trained to do."

"But you were too rusty on it, by that time," Mark surmised, shaking his head, "it must have been several years after you graduated, wasn't it?"

"Ten, to be exact," the old man admitted, "but you're wrong about getting rusty. Good common sense gets a chance to sharpen up every day of your life, and I'd kept up my reading. Once a man knows how to use his law books he's always ready to set himself up. Here, you take this," he handed the mortarboard to Mark, "before I have it all used up in twirling."

"As I was saying, I was all ready to practice. Even passed my bar examinations, when the panic of 1907 hit our valley pretty hard. Folks were uneasy and fearful. A fellow by the name of Wilkins had been out West, and he began to talk about the free land to be homesteaded. One valley in particular would accommodate the whole lot of us with a half section of land apiece, and there was a company ready to build a reservoir to irrigate it if enough people filed on the land to pay them to start work. A group of old friends and neighbors came to the house one night and asked me to head a bunch who wanted to start out anew in the West. Pretty discouraged with things at home, they were. The way they'd been handling their farms the land was about worn out, and no jobs to get when they did give up the old places.

"Martha was against it at first. We had our pretty little place, and enough money to keep us until my practice was worked up, but she was soon talked over. She could see as well as I could the men needed someone to organize things if they were going to make a new start.

"So we sold out and went West. We didn't homestead. That was our first mistake. We let that irrigation company talk us into buying land from them for about a dollar an acre. We thought it was dirt cheap, but we didn't know the West.

"We'd been used to easy farming, and signed up for so much clearing and cultivation and fencing that a bunch twice our size couldn't have got it done in the two years we agreed upon. We worked early and late, grubbing sagebrush, digging post holes, and chasing out jackrabbits. Then that irrigation company began to hint around we might lose our land.

"You can bet I got busy. I took the trip, I remember, to the capitol, to explain how we needed more time to fulfill the contract. I have to laugh now, when I think of it.

"They didn't want us to have enough time. It would have broken their hearts and spoiled all their plans if we'd had enough time. That shyster bunch had tricked us greenhorns into biting off more than we could chew, and got us there, sixty families working thirty sections of land, with houses, barns, plowed land and everything started fine, just so they could take it away from us and bleat "contract broken." I guess my education had been napping when I let them put that over in the first place.

"But I woke up, you can bet. I got right busy, passed the bar examinations in that state and sat down to get us out of the mess we were in. The company had the nerve to offer

to let us buy our own farms at ten dollars an acre. You can imagine how mad that made us. It took me over two years to clear our titles and put that bunch of crooks where they belonged. All good solid law work, you might say, but still I wasn't practicing my profession exactly; wasn't using my education the way I'd thought to when I graduated.

"By that time we had a little town there. Other families had moved in and we'd built a church and a schoolhouse. It looked as though the time had come when I could quit farming and put out my shingle. So Martha and I sold our half section, built us a little town house and got busy on plans for the office. Somehow, I wasn't so happy about it as I'd expected to be. I'd been a sort of public prop for so long I scarcely knew how I'd go about the process of simply minding my own business. But as it turned out, I didn't get a chance to try it."

Mark had been listening with his mouth half open, and now he gave a deep sigh and slumped back onto the bench. "I see. You'd been out of touch with your profession so long you couldn't take it up when you did have the chance. That's what I'm afraid of, myself. That's why I won't take just any old thing."

"Not so fast, son. You jump at conclusions too handily," the old man interrupted, out of patience, "I didn't say I was out of touch. I was all ready to go, as you young folks say, but people all over our state had heard of me by that time. They made me senator and sent me to Washington, and I've been so dratted busy these last twenty-five years I haven't even had time to think of my own affairs." The old man ho-hummed, rearranged the red carnation in his buttonhole, and prepared to get up.

Mark looked at him for a dazzled moment, and then burst out, "Why I know who you are now, sir. You're Senator Gray, and you're one of the guests of honor here today. How did you get away from them, to stroll off here by yourself?"

Senator Gray chuckled. "You learn how to give 'em the slip, son, so you can enjoy yourself once in awhile. They owe me a little time to myself, don't you think, seeing they never did give me a chance to use my education? Well, it's been a pleasure, chatting with a young fellow like you, just out of college, all eager for a chance to get started and show the world how it's done." He lifted his hat jauntily as Mark sprang to his feet, and strolled down the path humming a little tune in pleasant off-key.

ALL eager for a chance! Mark forgot to be sarcastic about that. He was eager for a chance, and perhaps that little store down in the desert was it. You couldn't tell anything about blind alleys, it seemed, if farms and moldy old irrigation projects were roads to glory. A light came into his blue eyes as he gathered up his hat and suit box and strode down the path. He could reach Sue on the 'phone by now. If not, he'd get hold of someone's car and drive out to her place. He'd get there. Everything was suddenly possible. She must know about him, at once. And it didn't matter how small that store was, or where it was. The thing was, to get started doing something. That is if Sue would—oh, of course she would. Sue was that kind of a girl.

Conference Address

By Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon

I AM happy to greet you. I take it that the largest part of this congregation consists of the presiding officers in Stakes, Wards and Missions of Relief Society, and as such I congratulate you on the splendid work that you, in cooperation with the Presidency and General Board of Relief Society, are doing in this great organization.

I have great resepect for the Relief Society. My first experience with it, and I am reminded of this by Sister Merrill's report, was some thirty-seven years ago when I was twenty-three years of age, presiding over the mission in Holland and Belgium. In those days there were no mission supervisors in Relief Society, Sunday School or other organizations; but the Mission President had to combine within himself all the supervisory duties of the organizations; and so I had occasion frequently to visit the Relief Society in the various branches of that Mission, and of instructing them, theoretically of course, as I had no practical experience. But it was surprising how kind they were at receiving my suggestions and instructions.

Some time later I was called into the Presidency of Pioneer Stake, and had the pleasure and opportunity of frequent contact with the Relief Society in that Stake, and in the Ward organizations throughout the Stake; and I learned to appreciate in large measure the wonderful work being done by them. I found in the Ward conferences that the Bishoprics of the Wards would report, in every instance, that the Relief Society was a great support to the Bishopric by looking after the welfare of those in need,—the sick and those in distress.

In more recent years I have had the pleasure of meeting the Presidency of Relief Society, as nearly as possible every week, to discuss with them their problems and successes. I have realized in large measure how splendidly the work is being done, and how unselfishly and whole-heartedly the sisters in this great organization are doing the service which is so necessary all the time, and has been particularly necessary in the last few years during the times that have been less fortunate for the people throughout the Church and throughout the Nation.

I HAVE not had time to think of many things to talk about this afternoon, but I made a few notes to which I would like to call attention. The first thing is what the Prophet Joseph Smith had in mind when he organized the Relief Society on March 17, 1842, in connection with some of the General Authorities of the Church. I would like to read this brief statement of the purpose of Relief Society: "To care for the poor, the sick and unfortunate; to minister where death reigns; to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life; to raise human life to its highest level; to lift and enlarge the scope of women's activities and conditions; to foster love for religion, education, culture and refinement; to develop faith; to save souls; to study and teach the Gospel."

What a wonderful charge that is for any organization, and how fortunate the Relief Society is to have

such a charge placed in their hands. You have great traditions in this organization. You have been fortunate enough to have been organized by the founder of the Church under the direction of the Lord, to get instructions direct from him to your organization, and to carry forward so faithfully and well the purposes for which the organization was instituted.

I would like again to read a further statement of what the Prophet himself said: "I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth. This is the beginning of better days for the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads." Again he said, "Let kindness, charity and love crown your works henceforth." Again, "As you increase in innocence and virtue, as you increase in goodness, let your hearts expand; you must be long-suffering and bear with the faults and the errors of others." Again he said, "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work, which ye see me do.' These are the grand key-words for the Society to act upon."

The Savior, you remember, went around doing good. That was His work, to preach the Gospel, to bind up the wounds of those who were bruised and hurt, and to bring comfort to all with whom he came in contact. That is a splendid example to be set for members of the Relief Society who are following in His footsteps and endeavoring to accomplish this charge.

HOW has the Society measured up to its responsibilities? I am sure that in all the years that have passed since that time up to the present time, the officers and members have nobly and zealously fulfilled every duty. I know that you are going forward to give of yourselves unselfishly for the welfare of those who need your help.

Now, as I see it, among the important objectives of the Society are social welfare and relief for those in need, maternal and child welfare and educational programs. There are other things that are being done in the Society that are very helpful, but it seems to me these are the fundamental objectives you have within your responsibility.

In social service the Relief Society has adopted what is to me a very splendid plan, of taking from the best social service practice of the day the essentials to be employed in investigating carefully and confidentially the needs of the members of the Church within the Wards under the direction of the Bishopric and of supplying the reasonable needs. They are not professional social workers, they are volunteer social workers who are full of sympathy and kindness and consideration, and who endeavor to see that those who are in need get what they require without any public knowledge of their conditions except through the Relief Society social workers, the Presidency and the Bishopric of the Ward. With that method and that plan they are doing a very splendid work. I know quite thoroughly what their conditions have been, what they are doing, how they are trying to train women in all the various societies throughout the Church to do this work in a just, kindly and sympathetic way.

WITH regard to maternal and child welfare, I am just reminded in this connection that the health of mothers and children is

being promoted very actively by the Relief Society. For instance, whether it be due to that work, or other things, the lives and health and right living of the mothers in this Church,—the maternal death rate—is considerably lower than throughout the nation. Taking the report of the United States as a whole for the year 1934, which is the last published record, the United States has a considerably higher death rate from causes incident to childbirth than is the case in the Church. It is 10.2 per 100,000 population. The Church has a death rate of 7.9 per 100,000 population, or 23% less. In the matter of infant mortality,—that is the death of infants under one year of age,—the 1934 report shows that in the United States as a whole the average per 1000 live births is 60.1. In the case of Latter-day Saints it is 33.1,—about half,— and yet our conditions in many cases are in some respects more primitive. There are more people living on the frontier among the Latter-day Saints than there are throughout the United States as a whole, and yet I am sure there is a great deal that can be done now and in the future through the efforts of Relief Society in cooperation with all the agencies that are cooperating for better health conditions, better protection for mothers and children, and better education with regard to the care of infants. We hope this death rate can be reduced still more, and better health and better protection provided in all of our various communities no matter how far away they are from medical centers. That is a very worthwhile and very important thing that needs to be done.

It is said that "a mother and father can live in the same house with a child for years, and still never know the child because they have never won its confidence." What a mistake for the parents not to have the confidence, love and understanding of the child's wishes and desires. That is one of the great charges, as I see it, against many families in this nation. Burbank said, "If we had paid no more attention to our plants than we have to our children, we would now be living in a jungle of weeds." As mothers in the home, they have more influence, and should have more of the confidence of their children than anyone else, and they should jealously guard that confidence, and undertake to maintain it and increase the confidence between mother and child, that the mother may influence the child to grow in faith and righteousness, to resist evil, immorality and every other thing that will lead it away and interfere with its progress in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE Relief Society is cooperating whole-heartedly and energetically with the Church Security Program. As an organization they have certain duties and responsibilities to be carried out, and should not be hampered or restricted by Stake Presidents or Ward Bishoprics. Their funds for specific purposes should not be diverted. They are entitled, as an organization, to carry out, under the Stake Presidents and Bishoprics, the purposes for which they have been organized. Every one of these brethren who realize the splendid work they are doing will encourage them to carry out the plans for which they are organized, including their splendid unselfish service for the general needs of the people in the Church who are in distress and trouble. They do special work that should not be interfered with. They are called upon at all times, as the Prophet Joseph said

they should be, to take care of conditions of death, sickness and distress, many of which are immediate and urgent, and they should maintain certain supplies and equipment for such emergencies. They are giving such whole-souled service, that they should be heartily sustained and encouraged in these efforts.

IT is said that anyone who is not willing to give to life more than he takes out of it is not living up to the standards and ideals which all of us should maintain. I am sure the Relief Society manifests the other attitude,—they are giving much more than they are getting back; they are doing much more than they are getting credit for. They do not ask for credit, they are not seeking praise, but go forward quietly and unselfishly to accomplish the work they are doing. I pray that the Lord may bless and assist all of you in the great work you are doing, that you may be strengthened continually, and keep in mind continually that one of the great purposes is to help all Latter-day Saints to help themselves to become self-sustaining. May the Lord bless all of us in our efforts to this end, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

A LOVE SONG

Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

We lay 'mong the purple heather
And gazed on the fair blue sea;
And the wind and waves together
Sang lullabies dreamily.

The birds made a heavenly chorus,
And our young hearts were so gay;
For love was the sunshine o'er us
Through that happy summer day.

And love was our golden gloaming,
And love the glorious light
That shone as we went a-roaming
On that blissful summer night.

But the bloom fades from the heather
And the light fades o'er the sea—
Then what of the wintry weather
That must come to you and me?

When the light fails in the evening,
And the song-birds fly away,
And the restless waves are foaming,
And the wind flings back the spray,

When the warm earth-heart is holden
In a cell under the snow,
Will love make the grey days golden,
And the darkest nights aglow?

Will its jeweled crown of splendor
Be won at life's evensong?
Will your love then be more tender,
And mine more divinely strong?

The silence is all unbroken,
Ah, why should I need a word?
Thy soul, dear heart, it has spoken:
I have heard, love, I have heard.

SUMMER TIME

By Nina W. Kerrick

Summer's come, so little lamb
Frisk and frolic all you can;
Zephyrs sweet your fleece will fan
While you bleat a welcome
To the fairest month of all.
See, the dewdrops softly fall—
They too, whisper, "Welcome".

Fly wee bird, the day is done;
See, the night is coming on,
Oh, 'tis fairer than the dawn!
Look! the moon advances—
Slowly o'er the sky she creeps,
And the milky way she sweeps
While she smiles and glances.

Cooperation

By Bishop John Wells

COOPERATION is the act of working jointly together. In the sense of working together for a common result, cooperation is as old as human nature. A cooperative society is defined as a voluntary union of persons, on a democratic basis, to supply its members with goods and services, or to employ its members in producing for sale, or to sell its members' produce, or to finance its members, or to combine all these aims in one, and at the same time to distribute surpluses in a manner agreed upon by the members as fair to each and all. Cooperation is rooted back far into the past, but it is this modern world which has created the need and given the opportunity for the present cooperative movement, which now numbers more than 100,000,000 members. The success of the movement depends on "all for each and each for all" and this relies largely on the degree of intelligence, honesty and loyalty of the group, and the active interest of each member.

GREAT BRITAIN is the home of cooperation as a movement, and of consumers' cooperation in particular. As early as 1761, a Fenwick Weavers Society in Ayrshire, Scotland, supplied its members with tools for their work and oatmeal for home consumption. In 1795, 1,400 inhabitants of Hull, in order to protect themselves "from the invasions of merciless men", established a society. Their flour mill continued to operate for one hundred years. Other societies were organized in the towns of Davenport and Sheerness, with various degrees of success.

With the efforts of Robert Owen of Manchester, in 1820, and Dr. William King of London, 1827, and others, the English people began to take cooperation seriously. Changed conditions developed in England. Many workers realized there was something better for them than to work merely as industrial machines. Although the ideals of these pioneers of cooperation were not realized, the short-lived cooperative stores showed the advantages of community cooperative trading.

In 1844, twenty-eight impoverished weavers of the cotton spinning factories of Rochdale, near Manchester, conceived a simple idea which revolutionized cooperation and is still the basis of producers' and consumers' cooperative societies. Their first effort was the purchase of a sack of flour which they divided among themselves. Finding it much cheaper to do this, than to purchase from the retail stores in small amounts, these twenty-seven men and one woman (Ann Tweedale) agreed to operate a small joint store. It took almost a year for them to save one pound each. On December 21, 1844, these pioneers having saved $140.00, bought supplies from wholesalers and in turn repurchased them through their store. At Toad Lane, Rochdale, their store opened with four staple products; tea, sugar, flour and rice. These weavers had taken the good principles which time had proved valuable to those who had tried cooperation previously, but they had also somehow stumbled on

to a plan which would make the dreams of Robert Owen and Dr. William King and others a reality. Credit is due the Rochdale pioneers for standardizing the cooperative system. These Rochdale weavers, though untrained men in business, blazed the trail and prepared the way for the great era of cooperation.

The principles upon which the Rochdale Cooperative Society was founded are (a) Open membership for all classes of people. (b) Democratic control. One member, one vote, thus upsetting the old system of one share, one vote. No voting by proxy. (c) Capital investment at a low rate of interest. (d) Part of the profits set aside for reserves, for education and for other purposes to be determined at a stockholders' meeting (e) The surplus not returned to stockholders, as dividends, but divided among the consumers or purchasers. This surplus or profit is returned once a year, based on the purchases of the consumer. (f) No political, religious, or racial discrimination. (g) No extensive advertising. No special merchandise sales. No deliveries or credit. All sales cash and carry. (h) Rigid accounting and careful auditing.

In Great Britain, in consequence of opposition, it became necessary to organize societies to purchase goods in the open market for distribution to the consumers' cooperatives. These societies known as the Cooperative Wholesale Societies have been organized on the same principles as the regular consumers' cooperatives. The wholesale societies supply bakery products, shoes, clothing of all kinds, coal, milk, dairy products and meat to consumers' cooperatives. Not only have the Wholesale Societies provided for the individual needs of their members and others, but they have developed along educational and recreational lines. These societies own a large number of manufacturing plants, maintain libraries, arrange for lectures, establish and maintain week-end schools, distrbute and publish their own periodicals, give concerts, dances and entertainments in their own halls and promote field days for old and young. The Wholesale Societies have also gone into the field of insurance, maintaining life and fire insurance cooperatives. Small loan banking has been highly developed. The Cooperative bank in Manchester has the largest turnover of any bank in England. The Cooperative Bakeries have reduced the price of bread. In Edinburgh a pound loaf made by the Cooperatives sells for three and a half cents. The great Cooperative Bakery in Glasgow, the largest in the world, covers four blocks, employs 1,700 people and has one hundred and thirty trucks to distribute its products. One of the great Cooperative Wholesale Societies in England employs 30,000 people. The manager of this great institution gets a salary of about $3,600.00 a year; however, after a certain period he retires on full pay. These wholesale cooperatives supply their own consumers' cooperatives exclusively. The cooperatives neither manufacture nor sell intoxicants of any kind.

In Great Britain, the Consumers' Cooperatives have 7,483,976 shareholder members, with assets of over a billion dollars and with yearly sales amounting to $1,000,200,000. There are 210,953 employees in the Consumers' Cooperatives, and many thousands more are employed in other departments of cooperative work.

The Women's Cooperative Guild, founded in England in 1883, and

having 58,000 members, holds an important annual congress; is a self-governing organization mainly of married women, intent on stimulating and organizing the ideas and abilities of the woman in the home, both as a cooperator and a citizen.

MR. HOWARD A. COWDEN, President of the Consumers Cooperative Association of North Kansas City, Missiouri, who visited cooperative institutions in England in 1934, records some interesting facts for that year. He writes of the displays at the Cooperative Congress, showing that almost every human want can be supplied through Cooperative Societies. The London Society, with 535,000 members, has over two hundred grocery and meat stores as well as fifty departmental stores. He states, "It distributes milk and sells coal, drugs, eyeglasses, theatre and travel tickets. It will launder your clothes, give you a permanent wave, tap your shoes and rent you a bus. On all this business it pays patronage dividend. Then, if in spite of all these services, you happen to die, it will conduct your funeral and pay your heirs insurance for which you have paid no premium but which you have earned by trading with the London Cooperative Society. London has four great Cooperative Societies with nearly a million cooperators."

CONSUMERS' Cooperatives are not unknown to me, for as a young boy I well remember my mother, who was a member, purchasing from the Society in Nottingham. She owned one share of stock in the Society which cost one pound. Her purchases were entered by the Society in her pass book, together with the amount and date of purchase. At the close of the year a dividend was usually declared of not less than 10% on her purchases, or in other words, she received a proportion of the Society's surplus according to the amount of her purchases.

DENMARK, avowing her debt to Rochdale, exhibits a rural population using its double power as producers and consumers to attain a very complete cooperative welfare. Danish cooperatives have reached a development unknown in any other country. Josephine Goldmark in "Democracy in Denmark" states that the Danish system of cooperation has won its world eminence through two remarkable factors: the small farm unit, essential in its intensive animal industry, and the large-scale cooperative farm associations responsible for the maintenance of uniformly high quality of production and also for marketing and finance. Nearly all Danish farms are owned by the occupant—probably not more than 5 per cent being held by tenants. Of the 206,000 Danish farms, 90 per cent are members of the cooperative dairies; the milk of more than 86 per cent of all the cows is processed in these dairies. Private dairies now number only about 338 as compared with 1,402 cooperative dairies. Of the 85 packing plants in Denmark, 62 are cooperative. The cooperatives for feeding supplies conduct over 67 per cent of the business in this field. The cooperative seed associations have the largest seed business in Scandinavia and fill about 40 per cent of the seed industry in Denmark.

COOPERATION in Ireland commenced in 1906. In a little cabin amongst the barren hills of Donegal, a few Irish peasants conducted in turn, every evening, a tiny cooperative store. This Templecrone society has now become a peasant con-

sumers' and producers' cooperative. The farmers' creameries are prospering under Government supervision. In joining a creamery the farmers take shares in proportion to their cows, guarantee milk supplies and receive payment monthly, or oftener, in proportion to the butter fat from each supplier (less the value of separated milk returned) with the surplus on working costs divided in the same way at each year end. The principle is the simple Rochdale idea adapted.

SWEDEN, with a population of over 6,000,000 is one of the highly developed cooperative countries. More than one-third of the inhabitants of Sweden conduct their business through cooperative societies exclusively. Their manufacturing plants, wholesale distributing houses, consumers' cooperatives and production institutions are noted for their high standards and the quality of their products.

COOPERATIVES in other European countries is developed to a marked degree. In Norway, Spain, Holland, Finland and other countries cooperation plays an important part in the peoples' welfare.

IN all countries where liberty even in a small degree prevails, cooperatives are developing. It may be surprising to some to know that there are hundreds of cooperative organizations in Africa, Asia, and South America.

Statistics of 1933 show 14,651 cooperative societies in Japan, with 5,247,541 members. In Japan, cooperatives have been sponsored by Toyohiko Kagawa. He recognized seven kinds of cooperatives and is laboring to establish all seven kinds, since he feels that these seven cover all fields of human economic interests. The seven kinds are: Producers, Consumers, Credit, Marketing, Utilities, Insurance, and Mutual Aid. He said, regarding the cooperative movement in Japan, "If we could have the seven kinds of cooperatives —we then would have no competitive and profiteering economic motives, we could have a good state."

CONSUMERS' Cooperation in America dates from 1845, only one year later than the original beginnings in England. There have been many waves but it was not until recent years that cooperatives under the Rochdale system have become active. The cooperative movement in America is far less developed than in Europe. Cooperative organizations are most developed in the Middle West. Cooperatives operate retail and wholesale enterprises, gasoline filling stations, bakeries, laundries, restaurants, creameries, saw mills, coal mines, farm supply houses, etc. Cooperatives have established in North Kansas City an oil blending plant, the first of its kind owned by a cooperative organization in the United States. The oil is distributed locally and quantities are shipped to the cooperatives in Europe. Ohio farmers have formed a cooperative society for the manufacture of fertilizers. In 1935 there were in the United States 8,794 cooperative marketing associations, with 2,490,000 members; and 1,906 cooperative associations purchasing farm supplies, according to the 1936 Bulletin of the Farm Credit Administration. Uniting all the cooperatives in its federation and propaganda stands the Cooperative League of America, with J. P. Warbasse, President, with headquarters in New York City. "Its purpose," A. D. Warbasse states, "is to spread the scientific knowledge of

cooperative technique based on the soundest phases of the European experience, so that no longer will isolated societies be obliged to experiment for themselves. Through its propaganda it aims to guide the movement with the knowledge of the history, the purpose and the ideals of cooperation."

"Perhaps the most fundamental influence of the cooperatives in Denmark," writes Josephine Goldmark, "has been through their effect on distribution of wealth. The profits of agriculture instead of being concentrated in the hands of a few have been spread out to a very large number of farm owners in the form of 'surplus' dividends at the end of the year; in the form of modest salaries to the managers of the cooperative societies." If the principles of the Rochdale system were followed in any country, would not this same fundamental influence obtain?

THE interest of the leaders of our Nation are turned towards cooperation as it is being carried forward in the European countries. According to the Deseret News account of March 12, 1937, a Presidential Commission last summer visited Europe and studied the various Cooperatives. These societies offer everything from food to funerals, the Commission reports. All members agreed that the European Cooperatives were "big business." One member of the Commission expressed the idea that European Cooperatives were a combination of idealism and practical business. The question of the future of cooperation is of particular interest.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS at an early day were advised regarding this matter of cooperation. I quote from a letter written about the year 1868, to the officers of the Church, signed by President Brigham Young, his Counselors, and eleven of the Council of the Twelve Apostles:

"One of the great evils with which our own nation is menaced at the present time is the wonderful growth of wealth in the hands of a comparatively few individuals. The very liberties for which our fathers contended so steadfastly and courageously, and which they bequeathed to us as a priceless legacy, are endangered by the monstrous power which this accumulation of wealth gives to a few individuals and a few powerful corporations. By its seductive influence results are accomplished which, were it more equally distributed, would be impossible under our form of government. It threatens to give shape to the legislation, both State and National, of the entire country. If this evil should not be checked, and measures not taken to prevent the continued enormous growth of riches among the class already rich, and the painful increase of destitution and want among the poor, the nation is likely to be overtaken by disaster; for, according to history, such a tendency among nations once powerful was the sure precursor of ruin. The evidence of the restiveness of the people under this condition of affairs in our times is witnessed in the formation of societies of grangers, of patrons of husbandry, trades unions, etc., combinations of the productive and working classes against capital."

It would seem that the world is unchanged. Are we not confronted with the same problem today?

LET us turn to an objective of the Church Security Plan: To promote equality, make our people self-supporting, provide profitable employment and to substitute coopera-

tion among our people, for competition and individualism which now exists. The basis of cooperation is consideration of the group as a whole, rather than the individual. It means bringing the producer and the consumer together and eliminating the costly middle man; the trading of what you have for what you need.

COOPERATION will raise the standard of living, increase the avenues of employment and produce for consumption and not for competition. I favor the statement made by J. P. Warbasse: "Cooperation rests on the simple principle that we human beings need one another. The positive expression of this human need is cooperation. We human beings need one another; we need not only to be helped by others but we need to help others in order that we ourselves may arise to the highest fulfilment of life." Cooperation introduces the spirit of fellowship between individuals; among races and nationalities.

AS Latter-day Saints we cooperate in spiritual matters. Ours is a practical religion. It is applicable to every-day living. Let us cooperate more perfectly in our temporal affairs, or in other words "live and help others to live."

STATISTICIANS claim that women spend three-fourths of the yearly earnings for the maintenance of home and family. Since women wield such a powerful influence, would it not be well to ask yourselves the question: In my expenditures am I cooperatively minded?

GOD bless you women of the Relief Society for your labors in caring for the poor, the sick and unfortunate, for your loyal support in carrying forward the Church Security Plan. This is the spirit of cooperation. It is your high task to CARRY ON!

TRIBUTE

By Grayce Brown Lindenau

Today my Mother-heart pays fond tribute
To sister Mother-hearts in life's brief span
Whose deeds shape destiny and soul of Man.
With deep respect my solemn thoughts salute!
And then assuaged and speechless they are still.
Hark! Millions of slow footsteps in the cove;
Brave lives spent for the good of those they love—
My solemn thoughts salute and then are still.
Where are Youth's unachieved hopes long since born,
Though steps are slowed and hair is silver grey?
Where disappointments in grave silence borne
And hid with smile's deception, day by day?

Lost in the calm of storms long ago spent!
In peace, in service earned; in sweet content,

A Daughter Remembers Her Father

By Lorene Pearson

UNDER the pressure of everyday living most absent people are quickly forgotten; if a personality does survive for any length of time at all, we think of him or her as an outstanding person. But when a man is remembered, vividly, seventy years after his death, we cannot do otherwise than credit Heber C. Kimball as having been a most remarkable individual. Mary Margaret Kimball Moffatt was only six years old when her father died, yet to listen to her as she recalls him for you, one would think he had just stepped out of the room.

WHAT was it, I wondered, that so impressed those who knew him? What quality did he possess that he lives today? Puzzled by these questions I asked for an interview with Mary Moffatt, affectionately known to her family and friends as Aunt May. She lives with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Quayle, in Laramie, Wyoming. There, in a living room that spoke in its arrangement, its choice of furniture and lovely house plants, of still another vivid and dynamic personality, I waited for Mary Moffatt. As I waited I could not help feeling that the daughter and the granddaughter, both of whom I already had had the privilege of knowing, someway suggested the vitality and splendid exuberance of Heber C. Kimball. I knew from the biography by Orson F. Whitney and from his own utterances in the *Journal of Discourses* and elsewhere, that this pioneer leader of early Utah had been a man of immense energy and vision, and that he had been endowed, not only with these attributes, but also with a strong feeling for detail and orderliness—an unusual combination of diverse traits. But perhaps this explains, at least partly, his own achievements, and the very special type of personalities that he seems to have bequeathed to his descendants, at least all of those whom I have met.

AND when I saw the charming, white-haired daughter, walk steadily across the floor to grasp my hand, quite as if she weren't 76 and had not been blind for 30 years, I knew that there would be more than the memory of Heber Kimball to play a part in recalling him; there would be also the reverberation of a dominant will to overcome all obstacles.

Then, quite as if we had just been talking of her father Aunt May responded to my questions with an instant smile and said, "It seems as if I might just have finished prayer with him. I remember now, particularly, the time he had me kneel by a chair with my brothers and mother. He prayed as if he were talking to God and that God was right in the room. I was so impressed with this feeling that I looked around to see if He were there." Again and again Mary Moffatt referred to this special consciousness that her father was intimate with the Almighty. "He seemed to open his heart to God and he was always rewarded."

The same intimacy that he had with God he seemed to achieve with all with whom he came in contact. There was no person too insignificant, no problem too trivial, to which he did

not give his full attention, and, if asked, his best advice. This was true not only in the growing community of Salt Lake City, but within his own large family. "All father's children," Mary Moffatt volunteered, "had

Mary Margaret Kimball was but six when her father died, yet she can recall him quite as if seventy years had not elapsed.

great love and reverence for him." And not only did he talk to them singly, but often he felt called upon to lecture all of them upon conduct, that they might develop a foundation for action that would carry them far in good living. On one occasion, his daughter recalls, he found a pin in the street. Bringing it in, he assembled his families and talked to them of how it was made, and although small, should never be thrown carelessly away. The habit of thrift, of using every scrap of material goods that was one's portion in this world to the very best advantage, this was his constant emphasis.

AND he was the very embodiment of what he taught. Mary Margaret, although she was a very little girl, can remember so well the adobe houses he had built with the row of linden trees planted along the street and the sound of water running in the ditches; but better yet she can remember the neat garden, tilled so carefully by Father Tucker under the supervision of Heber Kimball, and the orderliness with which the storehouse was kept. She can remember taking her little pail and going to Father Tucker to have him unlock the room where the molasses was kept; he would turn the spigget in the barrel and give her just her portion.

Everything was handled in this way. Each received his allotment and no more. And he was a big enough man that this rule applied also outside the walls of his own domain. When there was a great famine in the valley one drouth year, he, owning the flour mill, put his family on strict rations and gave away tons of flour to the needy. He was able to see the necessity of considering oneself a part of a whole community, not merely of a small segment like one's family.

TIED up with this feeling for proportion and generosity was his belief in the necessity of hard work for every individual. "Just as if it were yesterday," the white-haired daughter said, "I can hear him say, 'the things you have to work for you value'." Then she told of how industriously her mother worked, how all of the wives worked, and of their

in their care to learn the discipline of labor. Mary Margaret can remember arranging peach halves on a shingle, placing them in the sun, watching them until they were dry and stored away for winter use.

BUT there was also gayety—in good proportion. Heber Kimball, and other leaders in the Church, had reserved long benches in the old Salt Lake Theatre for their families. The little girl can remember going with her mother. She does not particularly recall any of the plays, she was too young for that, but she does remember an amusing incident connected with attendance. Daniel H. Wells used to sit on his bench nearby, and invariably he brought a bag of candy that he divided up among the kiddies who sat around him.

That was a characteristic of all the early Church leaders, and of Heber Kimball in particular—an interest in children. Often the tall, busy pioneer would stop in the street to talk earnestly with a child. "And how important it made us feel," Mary Margaret said. "I think this attention did more to keep us from doing mischief than anything else. We knew he regarded us with the same consideration as grown-ups and we respected the responsibility he put upon us in this way." Brigham Young also had this deep interest in children. Mary Margaret remembers running along the street with a group of playmates quite a distance from home. The President stopped in the midst of them and said, putting his hand on Mary's head, "I know whose little girl you are. I could tell by those dark brown eyes that you are a Kimball."

Of course, Mary Moffatt does not remember the grand balls of those early days, she was too young to attend, but she does remember hearing her mother, Christeen Golden, say so many times in later years that the happiest days of her life were those she had spent in Salt Lake City with the theatre and balls and dinner parties and a best silk dress. So strong was her attachment to the

MARY MARGARET KIMBALL MOFFATT

past that in the years that followed, no matter what vicissitudes were her lot, she cleaned herself up every afternoon, and put on a white apron to replace the colored one of the morning—just as she had done when her husband lived.

CHRISTEEN GOLDEN, as her daughter remembers her, was a neat, refined, cultured woman, ambi-

tious for her children, and devoted to Heber Kimball. She had been a dressmaker in Philadelphia at the time she first heard the gospel. She was immediately converted, because, as she always afterwards said, it was the most beautiful thing she had ever heard. But it was beyond the understanding of her people; and they could not comprehend why she would leave them and the settled East, to emigrate to the wild West. However, she had the courage of her convictions and gathered to Nauvoo; there she first heard Heber Kimball preach and her faith was not only strengthened a thousand fold, so real was his message, but she found a man to whom she could give her respect.

The lasting devotion of Christeen Golden, in common with the other wives could be not better assured than by stating that none of them ever remarried after his death. It was a sad and terrible thing, the death of Heber Kimball, for it broke up his large family and scattered them to far places. Mary Margaret was ill with pneumonia at the time her father passed away, but she was carried in to him that last day and, in his usual way he talked to her and advised her to accomplish something in her life if she would be happy. His was the first funeral to be held in the yet unfinished Tabernacle. It was a day of clouds and rain. The wives marched in the downpour to the Tabernacle with the coffin and afterwards to the place where he was to be buried. Great crowds thronged the streets and Temple grounds and the cemetery. Mary Margaret was carried to the services. Most vividly she remembers her own grief and the rain but more strikingly yet the end of the services in the open. The rain suddenly ceased, and over the new grave a rainbow circled the sky like a halo.

Later, Christeen Golden and her boys and little girl moved to Bear Lake to live. But Heber C. Kimball was never forgotten. Several of the wives regularly visited Christeen, and her daughter can remember that years after the husband's death these women would talk and laugh by the hour. They would recall jokes of Heber C. Kimball, ways he had, even the very words he used, just as if he had stepped out of the room not a moment before.

PERHAPS no better phrase could sum up the personality of this man than a remark Aunt May often remembers her mother making. "I respected him for he was a man of God."

The ingredients of health and long life, are great temperance, open air, easy labor, and little care.—Sir P. Sidney.

The building of a perfect body crowned by a perfect brain is at once the greatest earthly problem and grandest hope of the race.—Dio Lewis.

Health is so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly.—Johnson.

To become a thoroughly good man is the best prescription for keeping a sound mind in a sound body.—Bowen.

Trifles Light As Air

A Play in Two Scenes and a Foreword

By Rosannah C. Irvine

CHARACTERS*

GOSSIP, *an attractive young woman, fashionably dressed.*
WISDOM, a wholesome, sincere young *woman dressed modestly, but in excellent taste.*
FRANCES, a typical young wife and *mother.*
ELIZA, *commonly called Lide. A true friend, and peacemaker.*
DAISY, *knows everybody's affairs and talks all the time. When the girls interrupt her, as they do constantly, she continues talking in an undertone to herself until she catches someone's eye, when she uses a louder tone to hold the attention.*
BELLE, *kind and friendly, but listens to gossip.*
SADIE, *goodnatured, carefree, irresponsible, and always laughing.*
EVE, *sweet, gentle, and considerate.*
KITTY, *sometimes malicious, always likes to create a sensation.*
JOHNNY JUNIOR, *four year old son of Frances.*

*(*The names of the characters in this play are fictitious, chosen at random. If they are the names of any persons, it is merely a coincidence.)*

(These seven girls have known one another since childhood. There is a deep and sincere affection established through long association. This feeling must be apparent to the audience, in spite of the sharp, ill-natured things they say. Just as children in a united family sometimes quarrel without disturbing the love existing among them.)

FOREWORD

GOSSIP, (*enters, left, in front of the curtain*), I am Gossip. I need no introduction. You all know me. I am the most popular person in any group. I am the center of attraction. I am a particular favorite among people of leisure. I am theatrical. I love to startle people. I have many moods. Sometimes I am pleasant and amiable. However, I am frank to say, I do not enjoy being kind and gentle. It's too innocuous. I prefer to be dramatic and fascinating. The most dull and inoffensive story can be made attractive by the addition of a little spice. And the more one has of spice the more one wants.

Many people pretend not to like me. Usually it is only a pretense. My experience is that most people like a touch of slander. Some people try to avoid me. That is because they are afraid they may become too fond of me. Even people who honestly dislike me yield to my fascination if I can win their attention. I am really in my glory if I can attract such people and distort an innocent piece of news into a hateful bit of malice. That is spice, and I love it. Most of you here know me and like me. You see me often. You meet me on every street corner, and at all your parties. I shall be at your next social gathering, I hope. If *you* are all there, I'm sure I shall be there also. (*Exit, left.*)

WISDOM (*enters, right, as Gossip disappears*), I am Wisdom. You all know me, I think. Most of you are my friends. Unlike Gossip, I cannot say that I am always welcome in every assembly, especially not where she is holding the center of the stage. I am neither amusing nor theatrical. I am more soothing than startling. I do not seek the lime light and seldom am I in it. Many people think I am unfriendly and

austere. I am neither; but I am too reserved and shy to force myself upon the attention of anyone.

It is the part of wisdom to counsel those who desire justice and truth; and I am always eager to assist those who seek me, (*exit, right*).

SCENE I

(*The curtain rises on the well furnished living room of Frances Moore. The room is attractive with plants and flowers. The seven girls, Frances, Eliza, Daisy, Belle, Sadie, Eve, and Kitty are discovered sewing and chatting. They all seem to be talking at the same time.*)

DAISY (*speaking above the din*), Did you know that Jane and Harvey have broken up? I saw her last night with Tom. She looked gorgeous. She had on a— (*She goes right on talking after the others have taken up the thread of her theme.*)

BELLE, Well, I don't blame him. In spite of her lovely clothes, she's a flat tire.

KITTY, Harvey's chasing after that little Jones girl, now. That is, when somebody else gives him a chance. (*Kitty, Daisy, and Belle exchange significant glances. Eliza glares at them. Frances does not notice.*)

SADIE, (*hastily*), Say, Fan, I haven't seen Junior for months. Can't I just tiptoe out on the sleeping porch and take a peep at him?

FRANCES, I hope he's still sleeping. Be careful not to disturb him.

EVE, I want to go, too. I won't waken him.

DAISY, Oh yeah! I can't imagine either of you looking at that child without kissing him. Don't let them go, Lide. They'll be sure to— (*She goes on talking.*)

EVE, Don't be a crab, Daisy. Of course we won't disturb him.

SADIE, Speaking of crabs, don't you dare to crab my chair while I'm gone (*Exeunt Eve and Sadie.*)

DAISY (*continuing in a louder tone, as if she had not even stopped for breath*), Fan, you shouldn't have let them go. Of course they'll wake him. Well, I'm going to take her chair anyway, here by the window. I don't care what she says. She can't have everything, the best chair, the best light, and seeing the baby and everything— (*She takes Sadie's sewing and puts it on the chair she has just vacated, and seats herself in the other one.*)

BELLE, Fan, doesn't Johnny come home to lunch?

FRANCES, He usually does, but he's doing some extra work at the office right now. And, besides, I didn't want him around today.

KITTY, I'll wager he didn't want to come home today, anyway. I have a hunch that he isn't especially fond of this club. Come on, Fan, fess up. He doesn't like us, does he?

FRANCES (*laughing*), Well, to tell you the truth, Kit, he says that individually you are all just grand, but, that collectively he thinks we're the worst gang he's ever known. He says we ought to be ashamed to call ouselves the Pleiades. He calls us the Sensational Seven. He says that's more appropriate than naming ourselves for stars whose business it is to shed light and beauty on this dreary world.

KITTY, I get it. He not only doesn't like us, he thinks we're a menace.

DAISY, Do you really think he thinks that? I'm sure I'm not a menace to—

ELIZA, Of course you aren't, Daisy. Kitty was just fooling.

DAISY, Well, I don't care. If he told Fan—

(*Sadie and Eve enter each holding a hand of Junior.*)

DAISY, There! What did I tell

you? You girls ought to—

FRANCES, Junior, darling!

SADIE, Fan, he was lying there wide awake.

EVE, Fan, he has the most angelic smile. He smiled at us, and then clambered out of bed. He says he's a Pleiades, and wants to see the party.

DAISY, I suppose you rocked him bye-bye again like the good nurses you are—not! You just wait till your children—

(*The girls all make a fuss over Junior, each giving him a hug and handshake. He is friendly and polite and quite self possessed. Sadie and Daisy have a good natured squabble over the chair. Sadie finally wins and seats herself smiling.*)

DAISY (*grumbling*), I always get the worst of everything. I wish I—

FRANCES (*taking Junior on her lap*) ,Darling, why didn't you have your nap?

JUNIOR, I don't have to have no nap when I'm four years old.

FRANCES, Dearest, you mustn't say that. You should say, "I don't have to have any nap when I'm four."

JUNIOR (*with conviction*), All right! I don't have to have any nap when I'm four.

FRANCES, But darling, you do! You have to have a nap every day, so you'll grow big and strong like Daddy.

JUNIOR, But, Mommie, you said I don't have to have any nap when I'm four. (*Laughter.*)

BELLE, You certainly did say that, Frances. He got you that time. You'll have to watch your step with that child.

FRANCES, Run into the bedroom, sonny, and put on your shoes.

JUNIOR, All right, Mommie. (*Exit.*)

BELLE, Fan, he's the sweetest thing I've ever seen.

DAISY, You always talk in the superlative, Belle. You'll have to be more careful around this crowd. Most of us have little darlings of our own. My Jean is the cutest thing. Yesterday Charles asked her—

EVE, I'd like to steal him, Fan. Suppose you let me have him. I'll give you our house and lot, and a note for a million dollars.

DAISY, Just when could you get a million dollars? You know that Styers woman? Well, she went to—

ELIZA, Oh, Daisy, we've all heard the story. I don't believe there's a word of truth in it . . .

DAISY, Well, it is true whether you believe it or not. You never believe anything, Lide. You're always on the defensive when—

FRANCES (*looking fondly at Junior who is sitting on the floor near her struggling with his shoes*), Not a chance, Eve, much as I think of you. It's almost a sin the way Johnny loves that child. I tremble when I think—if anything should happen—

(*Kitty and Belle look at each other.*)

ELIZA (*belligerently*), Nothing's going to happen! He's as healthy as a young cub. And you and Johnny are healthy, sane, and in love.

(*Kitty and Belle again exchange glances. This time Frances catches the look. She is surprised at Lide's tone.*)

FRANCES, Of course nothing could happen.

DAISY (*with a heavy sigh*), You never can tell! Such atrocious things happen nowadays. Men fall in love with other—

SADIE, Now, Dismal Daisy, remember your failing.

ELIZA (*speaking sharply, at the same time Sadie speaks*), Daisy, if you would think more and talk less,

you'd be better off. Why must you vocalize every thought that pops into your head?

DAISY, Well, what on earth have I said now? You don't need to all jump on me every time I open my mouth. I only said—

FRANCES (*uneasily picking up Junior and hugging him*), Death is the only thing that could separate us. (*then lightly*), Who started this anyway?

DAISY, There are lots of things worse than death. You know that Dale man? Well, he and—

FRANCES (*jumping up*), Oh girls, I forgot the candy. I made some this morning. Excuse me a minute.

GIRLS (*all together*), Fan, how lovely! Your delicious candy!

FRANCES, Junior darling, you be a good boy. (*Exit.*)

JUNIOR (*climbing an Lide's lap*), All right, Mommie.

DAISY, Isn't Fan the innocent one! She's either a mighty good actor or the most simple—

ELIZA, Daisy, if you don't keep quiet, I'll brain you.

DAISY (*grumbling*), I never can say anything without you all jumping on—

SADIE, Why don't you try it sometime—not saying anything?

DAISY (*aggrieved*), You girls all say such mean things to me, sometimes I think you don't like me. I don't talk half as much—

KITTY, Well, I must say Fan must be both deaf and blind not to see what's going on.

ELIZA, Kit, you ought to be muzzled. You're not a kitten any more. You're grown. Johnny's a grand person, and he's devoted to Fan.

BELLE (*pleasantly*), Lide, being an old maid, is still an optimist.

SADIE, Meow! Meow!

(*Frances enters with a plate of candy which she passes around. The girls all take some, and exclaim with delight.*)

ELIZA, Junior darling, do you want a little of it?

JUNIOR, No, Aunt Lide, I want a big of it. (*Laughter.*)

ELIZA, All right, Sweetness. May I give him a big of it, Fan?

FRANCES, He may have a very small piece with no nuts. Here's one for you, Precious.

(*She gives him a piece. The telephone rings. Frances leaves the room to answer it. The girls all begin to talk at once. Above the hum of voices only the following is heard.*)

DAISY, It's terrible the way Johnny is carrying on with that Jones girl. If Frances had her wits about her—

EVE (*Sweetly*), Daze, you talk too much, if you know what I mean.

DAISY, Oh, I know what you mean all right, but you needn't preach. I saw them the other day and he was—

SADIE, Did you know that that Jones girl is flying to Chicago this afternoon? They say she's going to be married.

BELLE, And will Johnny be disconsolate. It's disgusting the way she runs after him.

SADIE, The eternal quest, you know. I feel sorry for Fan. She's too grand a person to have that happen to her.

KITTY, Lide, you ought to put Fan wise to what's going on. He's making an awful fool of himself.

ELIZA, Kit you ought to be more careful with your tongue. If you love Fan as much as you ought to, you couldn't spread such lies. And besides, (*indicating Junior*) "Little pitchers have big ears."

JUNIOR, Am I little pitchers, Aunt Lide? That's what my Daddy says sometimes.

ELIZA, Yes, darling, I'm afraid you are.

JUNIOR, But, Aunt Lide, they hang pitchers on walls. I don't want to be hung.

ELIZA (*laughing and hugging him*), Heaven forbid! It's pictures they hang on walls, Precious, not pitchers.

JUNIOR, Are my ears very big, Aunt Lide?

KITTY, I'll say they are!

JUNIOR, (*putting his arms around Lide's neck, he whispers in her ear. The girls all stop talking.*)

DAISY (*in an aggrieved tone*), Just look at that! I can shout at this gang till I'm black in the face, and nobody pays the least attention. But let even a baby whisper, and every last one of you—

SADIE, What's the secret, Junior?

ELIZA (*laughing*), May I tell them, Junior? (*Junior nods his head*) I don't believe it is a secret. It is a pretty wide spread belief. He asked me if all women are liars. (*The girls all shriek*)

JUNIOR (*solemly*), My Uncle Bill says they are.

BELLE, What does your Daddy say?

JUNIOR, My daddy says he 'sposes they are, all but Mommie and Aunt Lide.

KITTY, Ho-ho! The two perfect women.

JUNIOR, Aunt Lide, when I grow up, will you marry me? (*Laughter*)

ELIZA (*seriously*), I couldn't, Honey. By the time you're a man I'll be an old lady. Probably I'll have false teeth, and a wig and walk with a cane.

JUNIOR (*with a heavy sigh*), Then I see where I'll be a bachelor (*Laughter*)

SADIE, There's a poser for you, Lide. Why break the heart of this gallant lover?

FRANCES (*entering, excited*) That was Johnny on the phone. He's just had a call to meet a man in Chicago. He's flying this afternoon. The plane leaves at five. I'll have to pack his bag. Will you girls excuse me for a few minutes? (*exit. The girls look at each other significantly. After a moment's silence they all begin to talk again.*)

DAISY, Well, ain't that sumpin' I've heard of quick work, but this—

KITTY, What do you say to that, Lide? That Jones hussy is going to Chicago on that plane. (*Junior takes a box of toys and plays with them on the floor. He pays no attention to the conversation.*)

ELIZA, It is the merest coincidence.

BELLE, Of course Johnny's hurry up trip to Chicago doesn't prove anything; but it certainly doesn't look so good.

SADIE, Why be hard on the poor man. Every dog has his day.

EVE, I don't believe half they're saying, but I do feel sorry for Fan. She's such a darling.

KITTY, Darling but dumb. If she would only wake up, she might stop all this before it goes too far.

DAISY, That's just it. I said to Mrs.—

ELIZA, *For pity's sake, girls,* hush! Fan will hear you.

KITTY, That's the best thing that could happen to her.

ELIZA, Do you have to believe and repeat every vile thing you hear? That's a queer way of showing friendship. Slander repeated, is like a snow ball rolling down hill. It gains momentum and volume with every turn over.

BELLE, It's my friendship for Fan that makes me want her to know what's going on.

KITTY, Even you believe it, Lide. You know you do. You can't deny it.

ELIZA, Deny it? Of course I can. Is travelling on the same train with a woman sin? Johnny is the soul of loyalty.

(*Frances enters unobserved. Hearing the last remark, she backs out hastily.*)

BELLE (*significantly*), Well, you ought to know.

KITTY, It's enough to convict him in my eyes. I saw them together last night. I bet they cooked it up then.

SADIE, Kit, I'd hate to be you. You spend only part of your time with other people. But you're always with yourself. Imagine having to live every minute of your life, night and day, with such a disposition!

KITTY, You keep out of this, Sade. You know perfectly well, Lide, that he's crazy about that little snip. He's with her every day.

ELIZA, Kit, I tell you you're a kitten no longer. You're grown up, and have full grown claws.

KITTY (*angrily*), Say, Lide, you smile when you say things like that to me! The trouble with you, Eliza, is that you're in love with him yourself. Everybody but Fan knows that, too.

ELIZA, That's the meanest thing you ever said, Kitty. And it's utterly false. Just because I'm not married, why do you think I'm in love with the husband of my dearest friend?

BELLE, Everybody thinks it's true Lide.

DAISY, Everybody but Fan. She's so innocent that—

EVE, Well, I for one don't believe it, Lide. I never even heard it before.

SADIE, Every man is innocent in the eyes of the law, until proven guilty.

KITTY, Well, Johnny's guilty if you listen to me.

ELIZA, Kit, I wish, sometime when you're saying disagreeable things, that you would look in a mirror. It would make you change your hateful expression and overcome your mean disposition.

KITTY, It's the truth that hurts. And some people can't take it.

DAISY, Well, I know that Johnny and that little minx are—

EVE (*Sweetly*), As I often tell you, Daisy, you talk too much.

ELIZA (*harshly*), Daisy, you're worse than Kit. Did it never occur to you that silence is a wonderful attribute? (*picking up a book from the table*) Let me read you something that Fan has marked. Here it is, (*reads*) "Do thou thyself but hold thy tongue for one day; on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have these mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out!" That's from Maeterlinck.

DAISY (*indignantly*), Intrusive noises! Well, I like that! As a matter of fact I don't talk any more than any one else. I only say—

BELLE, I believe that Johnny is in love with that wench, but I really don't know anything.

EVE, There's mighty little we do actually know in this world, when it comes right down to it. So we should be very careful what we say.

DAISY, Well, I know that if Charles did anything like that to—

ELIZA, Johnny hasn't done anything, I tell you. Why are you so anxious to destroy the happiness of this family?

EVE, Yes, girls, put up your hatchets.

DAISY, I only said I thought Fan ought to—

KITTY, Where there's smoke there must be some fire.

SADIE, I think we had better call this the Tomahawk Club. Or better still, let's lay off other people's faults

and try to correct our own.

EVE, Today we've certainly lived up to Johnny's opinion of us,—a gang of scandal mongers.

KITTY, That's his defense, in case Fan gets wise.

(*Frances enters. She is pale and trembling. She speaks with cold calmness.*)

FRANCES, I think I'm wise now, girls. You've left nothing unsaid.

(*The girls are overwhelmed with what they have done. They all talk at once.*)

ELIZA, There isn't a word of truth in what has been said, Fan dear.

BELLE, We were just on a gossiping jag, Fan. I'm sorry.

DAISY, I didn't say anything, Fan. Johnny's grand. He only—

SADIE, Johnny's all right, Fan, and everybody knows he's crazy about you.

EVE, It was contemptible to repeat such silly chatter. Don't believe a word of it, Fan.

KITTY (*feeling truly guilty and penitent*), I'm sorry, Fan, for what I said. Please forget it, and forgive me. We'd better go, girls.

(*They gather up their sewing. Eliza goes into the bedroom and brings out their hats, etc. All but Eliza exeunt hurriedly, looking chagrined and unhappy. Junior has been playing on the floor. Frances takes him on her lap. She sits rocking nervously.*)

ELIZA, Fan dear, don't mind their gossip. Even Kit doesn't believe it right down in her heart. They all know that Johnny is too wonderful.

FRANCES (*interrupting her coldly*), You're too ardent a champion to be convincing, Eliza. You are only hurting his cause. You had better go, too.

ELIZA, Fan, I'm your best friend. Please don't believe what they said. I love you, dear.

FRANCES (*losing her self-control*) Will you please go, and leave me alone! I don't need your love nor your pity.

(*Eliza prepares to go. Junior, realizing that something is wrong, tries to comfort his mother. She hugs him tightly, rocking silently.*)

ELIZA (*leaving reluctantly*), Good-bye, Frances. I'm still your friend, darling.

(*Exit. Frances, still rocking silently with her boy in her arms, begins to sob violently as the curtain falls.*)

SCENE II

(*It is the same room several months later. There are no signs of festivity. Most of the chairs have been removed. There is one small bunch of flowers on the table. Frances is sitting by the window sewing. She appears older and less carefully groomed. She is unhappy and worried. Eliza enters as the curtain rises. There is excitement under her studied calmness.*)

ELIZA (*cheerfully*), Hello, Fan. How is he today?

FRANCES (*coldly*), He's about the same, thank you.

(*Eliza lays a package on the table and then takes her things off.*)

ELIZA, I brought some oranges for Junior. Shall I peel one for him?

FRANCES (*in a low, hostile tone*), No! He's asleep. Lide, I don't see why you keep on coming here.

ELIZA (*sitting down near Frances*), Because, in spite of your unfriendly attitude, I believe that you need me. I'm sorry for you, Fan, and I'm terribly interested in Junior.

FRANCES (*harshly*), I don't need you nor your pity. I know why you come. So does everybody else. (*wildly*) You come to gloat over me.

(*Eliza starts up angrily. Then she gains her self control. She goes to Frances, but does not touch her.*)

ELIZA (*sternly*), Frances, you must listen to me. You're letting a crazy idea get possession of you. And if you are not careful, it will drive you insane. You've accused me of loving Johnny. I do love him. I've always loved him. He and I played together when we were babies, and we've been the dearest friends all our lives. I've known him longer than I have you, Fan. I think he's one of the grandest persons I have ever known. But I've never loved him in the way you think. I'm not *in love,* with him, and never have been. I've never told you a falsehood, Fan, and you ought to believe me now. As a matter of fact, I'm in love with someone else. (*She shows Frances a ring on the third finger of her left hand.*)

FRANCES (*suddenly interested*), Really, Lide, are you engaged? That's wonderful. Who is he?

ELIZA, Arnold Travers. I don't believe you know him. But he and Johnny are good friends. We were engaged once before, and broke up because of a silly misunderstanding. That's when we were in college. Johnny and he and I were there together. We've both been terribly unhappy ever since, but neither would make the first move. It was only when we realized how unhappy Johnny is that we came to our senses. Arnold and Johnny have been together a good deal lately. He wrote me a while ago, asking if he might come to see me. I wired him to come.

FRANCES (*weeping*), Oh Lide, forgive me. I'm glad for your happiness, but I'm so unhappy.

ELIZA (*sitting down by her.*) Of course you are, you foolish girl. (*Earnestly,*) Fan, I'm going to talk to you, whether you like it or not. You see now that you were utterly wrong about me, and you are dead wrong about Johnny.

FRANCES (*hotly*), Lide, I've asked you never to mention his name to me. The least you can do is to let me forget.

ELIZA, I have something to say to you, Fan, and I'm going to get it off my chest before I leave this house. (*Frances starts up indignantly*), Hold your horses, Fan, and sit down. You might as well listen, for I'm going to keep right on talking. I tell you Johnny is the soul of honor. and loyalty. Even if he were as guilty as you try to make yourself believe he is, he would still deserve a chance to make good with you, because he loves you. You are not perfect yourself, you know. Like loads of other people you wrap yourself around with your saintly hypocrisy. You don't give a hoot what becomes of Johnny, just so long as you preserve your precious dignity. You banish him from home and family, and ruin three lives, because your silly pride has been injured. You turn against the man you love and who loves you far more than you deserve, and the father of your boy. And what's it brought you? Unhappiness! And you deserve all you'll ever get of that. Good people,—people who are truly good, are kind and forgiving. But you're hard and selfish. I'm like Sadie, I don't want to go to heaven if it's going to be full of your kind of good people.

FRANCES (*who has been restless during this tirade, springing up indignantly*), You can't talk like that to me! I won't stand it! You're a shrew. You talk of kindness. You claim to be my best friend. And when I need friendship and kindness you come here and scold me. You don't know how I feel. You never will know till it comes to you. I won't stand your meddlesome interference in my affairs. If you were as kind as you pretend to be, you wouldn't

come here and belabor me, when I need sympathy and comfort.

ELIZA (*sternly*), You don't need sympathy and comfort. What you need is a spanking to jar you out of your silly obsession. You've convicted Johnny without a hearing, on the vicious chatter of those silly girls.

FRANCES, The whole town knows about it. And I did give him a hearing. When he came home that day for his travelling bag, I accused him. Of course he denied it, but his guilty looks betrayed him. I needed no further evidence.

ELIZA, Sure, he looked guilty. Who wouldn't? Suppose he had sprung something like that on you out of a clear sky, you'd look guilty too. Anybody would. Your very indignation and embarrassment would appear as guilt. I told you once before, but you were hysterical and didn't hear me, I suppose, that the Jones girl is Ralph Hodges' step-sister, poor little waif. She has no one on earth but Ralph. She got in with the wrong crowd, and Ralph asked Johnny to look after her. But their going on the same plane was the merest accident.

FRANCES, Oh of course it was an accident. So was his taking her to lunch, and walking home with her nights. I suppose they were all accidents. Or was it his duty to reform her? They both seem to have forgotten that he was married.

ELIZA, Oh Fan, for pity's sake wake up and use your brain! If Johnny were that kind of a man he wouldn't (*She picks up an unopened letter*) Why Fan, here's a letter from him you haven't read yet.

FRANCES (*snatching if from her, she tears it and throws the pieces in the waste paper basket*) No! And I don't intend to. It can go with all the rest.

ELIZA, Haven't you read any of his letters?

FRANCES, No!

ELIZA, And you've never seen him since that day?

FRANCES, No! And I haven't talked to him on the phone! And I'm never going to see him nor talk to him again as long as I live. (*Wildly*) I'm through, Lide, I'm through! Finished! And I prefer to manage my own affairs.

ELIZA (*patiently*), Frances, even granting that all you have heard were true, which it isn't,—it would still be your duty as his wife to see him and give him a chance. (*Impressively*) Truly, Fan, I think I *do* know how you feel. Naturally, believing all the things you heard about him, your love suffered a severe shock. But it's not dead yet. Not by a long shot. I know that, Fan.

FRANCES (*doubtfully, after a long pause*), I don't know, Lide. I wish I did. I don't believe I could ever have confidence in him again. Something inside of me died that day. I thought it was love, but perhaps it wasn't—only joy, and faith, and hope.

ELIZA (*softly*), "And the greatest of all is Charity."

FRANCES (*earnestly*), Lide, I want you to tell me the absolute truth now. Do you honestly believe in Johnny as you claim you do? Would you trust him if he were your husband?

ELIZA, I'd rather die, Fan, than make a mistake about you and Johnny. I'd stake my life on Johnny's honor and his love for you. Fan, it was just such a tragic mistake that separated Arnold and me all these years.

FRANCES (*hopelessly*), I wish I could feel that way. But I can't. I'd always distrust him.

ELIZA, You must *make* yourself trust him, Fan.

(*Junior enters in night clothes and a bathrobe. He looks ill.*)

JUNIOR, Mommie, won't you let me talk about my Daddy now? Aunt Lide did. (*He whimpers softly*) I love my daddy, Mommie. I want my daddy. Won't you let him come home again, cause I'm so sick? Please, Mommie.

ELIZA, Blessed little lamb.

FRANCES (*taking him in her arms*) Hush, dearest, you mustn't talk.

(*Eliza takes a shawl and hands it to Frances who wraps it around Junior.*)

JUNIOR (*Sadly*), You used to love my daddy, Mommie. Why don't you love him now? Why can't we talk about him?

FRANCES, Darling, you must trust mother.

JUNIOR (*weeping softly*), Uncle Bill says little boys need their daddies. I love you, Mommie, but I love my daddy, too. I can't get well, Mommie, till my daddy comes home.

FRANCES, Hush, darling.

JUNIOR, Why must I hush, Mommie?

FRANCES, Because, dearest—

ELIZA (*breaking in*), Because, dearest, your mother is a—

FRANCES, *Lide!*

ELIZA, Well, you are, Fan, and you know it. You're all the things you think I want to say. (*Then casually, as if she had suddenly thought about it*) Of course, if you haven't read any of Johnny's letters you don't know what a terrible condition he is in.

FRANCES (*startled*), What's the matter with him? It he ill?

ELIZA, Pneumonia—is—

FRANCES, Pneumonia? Oh, Lide, Why didn't you tell me? Is he serious?

ELIZA, Yes, Fan. The condition—

FRANCES, Where is he?

ELIZA, The hospital—is—

FRANCES, The hospital! Then he is in a serious condition. Lide, you've been here all this time and never told me!

ELIZA, I didn't suppose you'd care. You remember you said a few minutes ago that you would never see him nor talk to him again?

FRANCES, Yes, I know. I felt that way then, but somehow I feel different now. Something has happened to me inside—here, (*putting her hand on her heart. She puts Junior on the couch*).

ELIZA (*in a surprised tone*), You're not going to him.

FRANCES, Of course I'm going to him.

ELIZA, Then you were mistaken. Love didn't die.

FRANCES, (*laughing hysterically*), I don't know. I feel as if I'd got it worse than ever. (*Soberly*) If he should die, Lide, I don't think I could ever forgive you for not telling me at once.

ELIZA (*calmly*), No, I suppose not. I wouldn't blame you. But I don't think he'll die now—not for a while at least.

FRANCES, Will you stay with Junior while I'm gone?

JUNIOR (*raising up, eagerly*), Where are you going, Mommie?

FRANCES, I'm going to Daddy, Junior darling.

JUNIOR, Oh Mommie, are you?

ELIZA, I'll call a taxi. (*exit*)

(*Frances goes into the bedroom. Junior throws the shawl off. He kneels on the couch, raising his face and clasping his hands. His lips move in silent prayer. In a moment or two, Eliza enters. Seeing Junior, she stands quietly until he has finished his prayer. He lies down and she tucks the shawl around him.*)

ELIZA, That's my brave boy. Prayer is a wonderful thing, Junior. It can move mountains.

JUNIOR, Has it ever moved any mountains for you, Aunt Lide?

(*Frances enters. She is dressed for the street.*)

FRANCES, Did you call a taxi, Lide?

ELIZA, Yes, it's out in front, now.

(*Frances kisses Junior fondly. Then she hugs and kisses Eliza impulsively.*)

FRANCES, Bless you, Lide, darling! (*Exit*)

(*Eliza picks Junior up. She dances gaily around the room with him in her arms.*)

ELIZA, Junior, darling, it worked! It worked! My prayers have come true!

JUNIOR, What worked, Aunt Lide? Did you move any mountains? Let's see.

ELIZA (*taking him to the window. They peek out*), Yes, honey-boy, I really believe I have,—a mountain of doubt and unhappiness. See that car, pet? There's a man in that car with your mommie. I'll bet a doughnut he's going to hug and kiss her just as your daddy used to do. There they go. See, they're driving away. (*Junior begins to cry*). Don't cry, lover. They won't go far. Maybe they'll drive around the park, and then they'll come home to their own little lambkin.

JUNIOR (*excitedly*), Is that man my daddy, Aunt Lide? You said he was sick in a hospital.

ELIZA, No, darling, I didn't say that exactly. Your mommie thought I said that. He's only homesick for you and your mommie. He's been waiting around the corner for the last hour.

JUNIOR, Oh, Aunt Lide, I'm glad. That's because I prayed for him, isn't it?

ELIZA, Yes, sweetheart, I'm sure of it.

JUNIOR, Aunt Lide, do you think I could move mountains, if I prayed?

ELIZA, Of course you could, dear, if you had faith enough, and it was the right thing to do.

JUNIOR (*excitedly*) Aunt Lide, look! They've come back. They're coming in! (*Waving and throwing kisses*) Oh, Daddy, Daddy! (*laughing hysterically*) My daddy's come home and I brung him. That's better than moving old mountains. Huh, Aunt Lide? (*Eliza puts him down and he runs toward the door, calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" as the Curtain falls.*)

MY WINDOW BOXES

By Della Adams Leitner

Smilingly they cheer me
All the busy day;
Humdrum tasks grow lighter,
Burdens slip away.

Nodding gay petunias,
Pansies every hue,
Nasturtiums and verbenas,
Forget-me-nots so blue.

The garden is so lovely
But time for it is rare,
So window boxes give me
The beauty I can share.

Hope Chests

By Harrison R. Merrill

EVERY woman at some time in her life has had, either real or imaginary, a Hope Chest. This hope chest, as nearly as I can make out, is a cherished receptacle into which goes from time to time precious things—table linens, quilts, dishes, scarfs—against the coming of the great day.

I have always thought the practice a good one.

I have seen some of those hope chests. Beautiful were they for the fine cedar wood of which they were made and for the wonderful dreams with which they were filled. When a woman marries these receptacles of the dreams of the future often become store-places of the treasures of the past. That is as it should be, no doubt. Dreams have come true, and the memories of their fruition are dear.

AT that time a different kind of hope chest takes the place of those made of wood. It is a tiny little head out of which look two precious eyes, one on either side of a promising prominence which may some day be a reasonably well-shaped nose above a rose-bud mouth.

The girl who once dreamed over her precious linen and silk now dreams over her treasure of flesh and blood. She knows that wrapped mysteriously somewhere in the tiny head is a brain out of which someday must grow a personality. She knows how delicate is the mechanism, if it is a mechanism, how susceptible it is to impressions. That is, she knows —if she is a wise little dreamer with dreams still unmaterialized—dreams of a beautiful, well-mannered girl who will grow into a responsibile, sensible woman, or of a splendid boy who may someday be governor or president.

Unfortunately, on account of the eagerness of that little brain for materials upon which to feed, many a word, or look, or act goes into the little "hope chest" unknown to the fond mother. On the other hand, she often consciously attempts to slip something into the child's mind and thinks she has done so when in reality it has glanced aside or has been smothered by some other interest.

Every fond mother, I hope, when she looks at sonny or daughter sees in him or her a community leader, a wielder of influence in his set. However, many a parent acts as if she expects the influence to be a bad influence. She tells son or daughter how to act and then acts in a contrary manner expecting her words to take effect and her acts not to.

I STAND astonished and amazed and subdued in the presence of a baby—anybody's baby. That is the amazing thing—anybody's baby! For some of the least promising have become wonders of the world, and some of the most promising, the disappointment of parents and the world alike.

For instance, who could have dreamed that the slave's child hidden away in the bullrushes would one day become one of the world's great leaders and law-givers; who could have foretold that the little hope-chest in the three-sided Kentucky cabin would be done in heroic size in marble and would sit forever enshrined both in his country's capital and in the hearts of his countrymen?

Of course, the old argument still goes on, the old question is still asked: How much which went to make a Lincoln what he was, was born in him; how much was put in him by his teachings and environment? No one as yet can answer the question definitely, but certainly we have enough data to indicate that environment is important. Lincoln came out boldly and declared: "All

that I am and all that I ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Since she died when he was nine, she must have taken great pains with her little Kentucky "hope chest". What a dream come true was he!

A MOTHER is on the spot, if I may be allowed to use a slang term. Though undoubtedly she is not responsible for all of the heterogenous ideas that get stored up in her loved "hope chests", she is responsible for many of them. She may have been entirely innocent, ignorantly innocent, when she gave a twist to a child's thinking which someday led to disaster; but nature, unfortunately, does not excuse the innocent. No matter how innocent one is of the damage that will be done by laying a hand on a hot stove, he will be burned if he does it.

These little "hope chests" are so sponge-like in their nature, so absorbent, that they will sop up everything that comes their way. It is a wise mother who goes through the little "chest" occasionally to see what has gone into it and then wisely to remove some of the rubbish before damage is done.

Perhaps the child as he grows becomes too acquisitive, he "finds things" every once in a while—brings home tops and marbles and markers which he has "found" somewhere. Little acts like those often betray the contents of the "hope chest."

Mary saw her Boy at play; she heard His words, and treasured His deeds and His words in her heart, for they were good deeds, good words. I wonder if she ever had to remove little warped ideas that got in her Son's mind? Some people would cry, "Sacrilege!" But Paul said, "Though He were a Son, yet He learned obedience by the things which He suffered and being made perfect . . . " and so on.

NOW, I am certain I have rambled far enough for my readers to get some inkling of what I have been trying to say. It is merely this: when a girl marries her old hope chest of wood is replaced by little, but much more precious ones of flesh and bone and brain, and that if she is a normal mother she has great dreams for the little ones; she sees them in important places as good men and women, and consequently, she prayerfully goes about the joyous task of filling those little "hope chests" with proper things—ideas which make and build the world as well as the personality. When the time arrives, she sends them to school and Sunday school for further cramming. I have tried to say that we cannot always get the things we want into those little "hope chests"; that often unknown to us, we put ideas in which will cause trouble if by wise and proper methods they are not removed before a character is warped.

MY suggestion on how to fill a hope chest of this kind may not be worth much, but here it is: I think the mother and the father, too, for that matter, should live a normal, genuine life without artifice or show. They should know that living the good life is the only way under heaven to teach the good life. They should set their standards by their way of life and expect their children to live according to those standards, not according to what they teach.

Dr. George H. Brimhall used to quote the lines, "Your actions speak with such a loud voice I cannot hear your words."

Hope chests, yes,—and how precious they are when properly filled with solid, sane ideas which make and remake the world.

The Woman Smoker

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

WITH the astounding increase of women smokers during the past ten years, we cannot help wondering why so many women have taken up the habit in spite of so many rational arguments against it. A few years ago, certain tobacco companies appealed to woman's vanity by their advertisements "to reach for a cigarette instead of a fattening sweet". By capitalizing on woman's desire for slab-like figures, their cigarette sales leaped to unbelieved proportions almost over night.

The question is often asked, "Do women smoke because they really like it?" For our own information we have asked some twenty women why they smoke. It is interesting to note that not one of those queried admitted that they smoked because they like it. They wanted to appear good sports, or it seemed sociable, some did it because it was forbidden by parents or teachers, but most of them thought that it was the smart thing to do.

It is encouraging to note that several older women, in positions where they have occasion to observe youth in general activities, state that many girls who have smoked are quitting for various reasons.

One young woman who had smoked for years said that she had quit smoking. "To prove to myself that I could stop if I really wanted to, I decided to stop smoking for six weeks. During that time when I was around my friends who smoked, I realized how offensive I must have smelled to others. It so disgusted me that I decided never to smoke again, and I have not touched cigarettes for two years. I value my personal attractiveness too highly to allow any unpleasant odor to detract. We shun people with halitosis, B. O., or any other repulsive odor. Why should anyone tolerate the nauseating odor tobacco leaves clinging to the breath, hair, and clothes of the smoker? Any girl who smokes and believes that she is deceiving others is only deceiving herself."

A GROUP of college students discussing smoking one day, brought forth some interesting points of view. "I decided that I couldn't afford to smoke any more. I was spending more than enough to keep me in silk stockings, and I never seem to have enough stockings." Said another, "That's one reason I quit. When I realized that I could have about seven good hats, or three dresses, or seven pairs of shoes, or scads of accessories with the money I was spending on smokes, I decided to quit."

"You are right about the expense," said another ex-smoker, "but the thing that made me stop was something else. When I realized that I was becoming a slave to a mere habit, that I could not finish a three hour exam but had to hand my paper in unfinished because I had to have a smoke, I decided that it was time I quit smoking. You should see the difference in my marks now that I can finish my exams."

"I stopped smoking because I was so fed up with dodging mother and dad and my kid brother for fear they would smell my breath and know that I had been smoking. I felt like a sneak thief every time I went home. If anything was said about

it or anyone acted suspicious, I had to pretend that it was because the other girls had been smoking. I feel like an honest woman once again since I quit."

MANY medical authorities firmly believe that there are decided ill effects resulting from this unwholesome habit. The startling increase of the cigarette habit among women in recent years has brought about some study of the matter by the medical profession, but perhaps not as extensive study as its importance demands. While some very strong statements have been made by some of these investigators, we prefer to remain silent on the subject until more scientific evidence has been brought forth.

TOBACCO companies themselves admit in their advertising that tobacco is irritating in several ways. We do not have to go farther than the radio or magazines in our homes to hear and read claims that the injurious elements have been removed from this brand or that. This brand "Does not get on the nerves", that brand "Does not irritate the throat", another brand "gives you a lift". There are countless drugs which will give a "lift" to your tired heart and nerves and muscles, but even the heavy smoker would not recommend using them. And yet, tobacco tends to induce an uncontrollable desire for it just as many drugs do.

ATHLETES training for competitive events are forbidden the use of tobacco. If it were not harmful to the body why would those seeking physical perfection and super endurance be so restricted? If tobacco soothed the nerves and quieted them instead of deadening them, athletes under great stress would be helped by it. Any stimulant, which puts an added strain upon the heart and nervous system by forcing it to pep up when it is fatigued, is injurious.

IT is the general consensus of opinion among the medical profession that smoking may tend to irritate the sensitive tissues of the lips and throat, and in time prove a factor in development of cancer of those parts of the body. As one case helping to prove this supposition, they cite the case of General Ulysses S. Grant who died of cancer of the lip. It was felt at that time as now, that his cancerous condition was perhaps due to his constant smoking.

It is interesting to note that cancer of the lip, tongue and throat is rarely found in women, but is usually confined to men. With the increase of smoking among women, it will be important to note, a few years hence, if there is an increase of mouth cancer among women smokers.

If there is the slightest possibility that smoking might help to induce cancer, it is reasonable that the finer, more sensitive tissues of women could more easily become affected by such irritation. Any woman who will take up smoking with even the remotest possibility of its producing cancer, is foolish indeed.

RECENTLY there appeared in the Believe It or Not column of the newspapers, a picture of a resident of Tampa, Florida, who during the past sixty-five years has smoked an average of ten cigars a day, or a total of 237,000 cigars. Consider what this one man could have done for himself or the world with the vast amount of money he has sent up in smoke. He could have endowed a university, or a hospital

for crippled children; established a research fellowship which would have helped to make the world a better place in which to live; collected a fine library; educated several future Edisons or probable Metropolitan Opera stars. This case, of course, is extreme, but it illustrates the vast amount of money spent on tobacco that might be put to better use.

"In the light of the great array of accumulating facts as to the wasteful, destructive, degenerating effects of tobacco, it is inconceivable that any woman with a love for life and with a conception of her duty to her family, her fellow men, to the world, and to her God, can continue to smoke."

"We make this solicitous appeal to woman to seek to maintain her beauty, charm, and attractiveness, and forever to resist any desecration of her fair body temple, which is to her and her children one of the greatest gifts of God."

Two Little Girls in Pink

By Ruth Partridge Richan

WHEN word came to Nephi that Brother Brigham would come sometime after the 24th the folks all got together and decided to build a social hall in which to entertain his party, and surprise him as well. There were committees for getting rock and putting it into shape for the foundation, committees for making adobies, for getting timber out of the mountains, and so on. Everyone turned in and helped and inside of six weeks the building was up and finished.

Now this had been excitement enough for two small girls, Elizabeth Claridge and Sarah Sperry, called "Pet", but now, a real theatrical troupe from Salt Lake City came through and here was a chance to break in the new building. Pet's father led the town orchestra which would play for the actors so the little girls stood a very good chance indeed of seeing the play. And they did see it, not only one night, but every one of the several performances.

The hit of the show, as far as Elizabeth and Pet were concerned, was a Scotchman in magnificent attire who did the Highland Fling to the tune of "Old Aunt Sally" with such spirit and abandon that the two young ladies, aged five, could not sleep at night for thinking of it. Big eyed with admiration they nightly watched the intricate steps and when they were alone they practiced them.

It happened that one day Sister Burchel spied them dancing and knowing a good thing when she saw it, told her Sister, Bishop Anderson's wife and Sarah Shell who kept the only store in Nephi. These three got their heads together and the upshot of it was that a surprise for the whole town was planned for the 24th of July.

There was no time to be lost. Brother Henroid who was in both the band and the orchestra played "Aunt Sally" by the hour and the tiny feet stepped it off. Sister Shell made the long hard trip to Salt Lake City for the costume stuff, all on the quiet. Pet must not even tell her parents, for she was staying with her grandmother Miller when she wasn't at Elizabeth's house, and no one was to be told. This was the hardest

part of all, for little girls like to talk as well as big ones.

And so the great day arrived and the new social hall was again all a-buzz. The seats around the dance floor were jammed for the program. Brother Henroid had persuaded the orchestra leader to teach his men "Old Aunt Sally" not telling them why.

There was a lull in the program—everything was ready. There was a great fanfare of trumpets! The double doors of the social hall were pushed open and in skipped two fairy creatures who began at once to dance the Highland Fling!

Their dresses, from Salt Lake, were soft pink tarleton. Their tiny short skirts disclosed white fluffy peticoats at every kick. A pink and white dotted scarf went under the right arm and crossed on the left shoulder for a plaidie. Their hair was in ringlets. Small legs in long white stockings twinkled in and out with pink ribbons wrapped in diamond pattern up to the knees and tiny feet capered in black satin slippers.

It was decided that the whole thing must be repeated for Brother Brigham when he came.

Meanwhile the Scotchman of the theatrical troupe who had inspired all this had hurt his foot and was staying in Ephraim. Bishop Anderson was so enthusiastic that he sent for the afflicted thespian and had him teach the dance to the little girls in its entirety and he was paid for his work.

At last Brother Brigham came. The brass band went out to meet his party, looking mighty spruce in a new gaily painted semi double-deck band wagon drawn by four beribboned prancing horses, and the bandmen themselves were attired in white suits trimmed with blue braid. The President and his party were brought in state to the new social hall where a band concert and banquet were to be the great events of the day.

What a concert! "Nelly Gray", "Hard Times", "Dixie", "Old Dan Tucker", "Do Da Day" and of course "The Star Spangled Banner". Right in the middle of the banquet came the fanfare of trumpets, the doors were flung open, and the tiny girls danced the Highland Fling, their eyes wide with awe at the great man who sat at his table on the stage and watched them so intently.

After it was over the floor manager and the door keeper handed up the panting little sprites to Brother Brigham and there they sat, one on each knee, and looked into his blue eyes.

It was later, much later, that Elizabeth and Pet learned that the President had wished to take them back with him to dance in the Great Salt Lake Theater, but their parents said no—even to Brigham Young.

The wages lost, the work spoilt, the health ruined through drinking are beyond computation.—Sir Thomas Oliver, M. D.

He who has health, has hope; and he who has hope, has everything. —Arabian Proverb.

Look to your health; and if you have it, praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy; therefore value it, and be thankful for it.—Isaak Walton.

Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

HOPE-CHESTS

Take Time For Preparation

By Lella Marler Hoggan

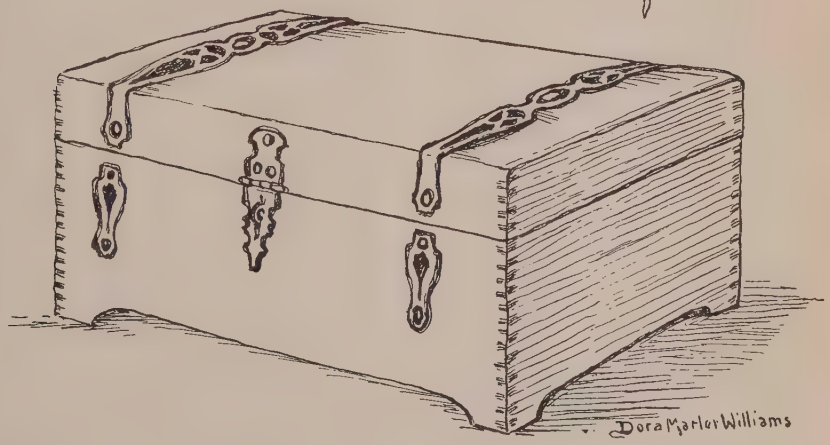
"Happiness is the perfume of the rose of love."—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

THE first romance, according to the Holy Record, began in Eden when the Creator gave Adam the woman he was to love and cherish, the woman who was to become the mother of the human race.

When Adam and Eve walked out of the sheltering security of Eden, they went hand in hand into a new world of trials and obligations. Their great loss did not dissolve the holy relationship that held them together.

Humanity, following in their footsteps, has made a beaten path that is destined to go on forever. It is the oldest path in all the world, the most luring and altogether the most romantic of all of the roads of destiny.

It is a sacred and a beautiful undertaking when a man and a woman



join hands and begin the journey down this old, old road. All along the way they will find tasks and responsibilities and sometimes disappointment and sorrow; and it will require strength and courage and great faith to complete the journey successfully. But there will be sunshine as well as shadow all the way, because you must remember, it is a path of romance—and paths of romance are always filled with lovely surprises and high adventure.

After all the years, marriage is still one of the institutions for which there is no legitimate substitute. Around it time has woven poetic beauty and romantic dreams that make it more hallowed than any other experience.

WHILE the little girl is still crooning lullabies to her dolls, she begins to build the hopes that will eventually shape her life. As she grows older the dream becomes more vivid and colorful, until it finally materializes into a reality She finishes dainty bits of linen and selects small household treasures to be stored away in her hope-chest with reverent anticipation of the greatest event of her life.

What a wealth of lovely traditions cluster round about the sacred drama! What tender sentiment and prayerful planning should enter into her happy preparations!

The beautiful creations that go into the hope-chest are only a meager part of the wealth that she is stowing away. The richer dowry is the treasure of heart and mind and soul that is daily becoming a part of her possessions.

And while she is garnering these priceless gifts, somewhere, a companion is making happy plans of the home he will someday build for the woman of his dreams. Into that little House of Joy must go all of his idealism, all of his high hopes, all of his glad wholesouled service. And out of her precious hope-chest must come all of the beauty, and the perfume, and the refined loveliness of life, with which to furnish the creation of their hearts.

THE building of a little House of Happiness is a solemn adventure for a man and a woman to undertake. They want to make sure that it rests upon a solid foundation of enduring sentiment and Divine approval, and that only genuine, wholesome materials shall be used in its construction.

One can scarcely hope that a house of shoddy materials thrown together hurriedly will last through eternity. To make it a work of enduring art requires much time and prayerful effort. It must be the best that earnest hands and hearts can provide, a place of peace and joy and security, a hallowed, permanent institution.

For who can say what little feet may patter over the sunny floors, and what songs and laughter may echo from the cheery hearth? Who can know how long a line of descendants may march through the halls of this little House of Joy? Or what illustrious characters may be sheltered under its humble roof? Is it not possible that a poet, a statesman, or a prophet of this lineage, may supply a pattern of life for the comfort and the blessing of the children of men?

Then, too, life is full of stern realities. Sorrow may cross the quiet threshold, and promised joys may slip away, like sand through the fingers. When a man and a woman go down into the shadows they begin to fear that, after all, life is not made of star-dust and roses as they had hoped it would be. But if they have realized their inspired ideal in the erection of the little House of Life, they need have no fear, for it will stand against the sternest fate.

"For like a child, sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again,
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain;
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more?

—*Edward Fitzgerald.*

Love fears no evil. Is she not cooperating with the Divine in the high adventure of life? Resting in this security she waits joyously to set forth on the beaten path of the ages. Her deft fingers are prepared to weave the happiness that will go into the chest of hope. Her strong white hands are ready to polish the windows and the shining hearth in the little House of Life.

With love forever in attendance, the man and the woman may enter with assurance on the open road to joy.

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"—*Shelley.*

From the Ends of the Earth

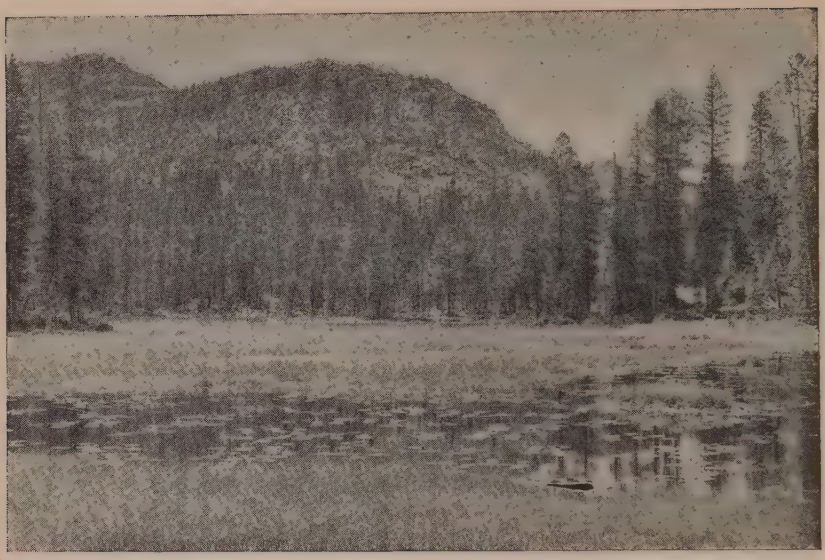
By Vesta P. Crawford

"Here in my varied garden,
Row on row and bed by bed,
The flowers of all nations
In gorgeous bloom are spread."

FROM the ends of the earth, northward and southward, east and west, flowers have been assembled to beautify the American garden. From far-off mountain tops and distant lonely swamp lands; from foreign deserts and alien meadows have come the radiant blossoms to meet together in cultivation. America has been called the melting pot of the world because so many nations have contributed to build its commonwealth. "From afar, graccious Lord, thou hast gathered thy flock," says the beloved hymn. And yet the nationalities of people within our borders are few when compared to the multitudes of flower families represented.

Europe and Asia, Africa and Australia, the far East, and even the polar regions and the islands of the sea have sent us rare blossoms that bloom as if long ago they had forgotten their native homes. Even our most familiar garden flowers are descended from plants older than the pyramids of Egypt, older than the Indian ruins of Peru and Mexico. Do you know that the tri-colored pansy, the gorgeous dahlia, the bright nasturtium, the tulip and the zinnia, and even the geranium, as we know them now, are not native to our shores but have descended through a long line of alien ancestors? On any day, in fall or spring, or summer, you may walk in an American garden and see the blossoms that have been brought from the ends of the earth. You may take a world tour in your own backyard.

IT is very interesting to know that a large and varied group of flowers come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, from the historic countries that border the waters once called "The Great Sea." One cannot mention that sea without thinking of great events of history that have occurred in the land "roundabout." There in olden days came the ancient Aryans from the



AMERICAN POND LILIES IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS

"cradle of the race" in the mountains to the east! there, it is said, the walls of Troy were built; there flourished the art of Greece and the splendor of Rome; and there, on the borders of that sea, Jesus lived, and in Mediterranean countries his disciples carried the gospel message.

It is from the shores of the Great Sea that the snapdragons of our garden (*Antirrhinum majis*), and calendula, carnations, candytuft, and stocks and wallflowers and Centaurea (*bachelor buttons*) have come. Ancient Egypt has sent us fragrant mignonette in blossoms of red and white and the tall callas with a flower cup of smoothest creamy velvet. Palestine is the home of the gorgeous cyclamen which we raise indoors, and from the Holy Land come also tulips and hyacinths, the narcissus and daffodils and gladiolus. The crocus is of Chaldea, that land across the desert from Palestine where two great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, empty their waters into the Persian Gulf. The hollyhock has for ages decorated the lonely ravines of the land of Syria and Henry Van Dyke tells us that the valleys are like "an embroidered sash of bloom laid across the sackcloth of the desert." The Rose of Sharon (*Althea syriacus*) is a native of the Holy Land, particularly abundant in the rugged canyons that slash the blue ranges beyond Jordan.

FROM South Africa come the crimson and scarlet blossoms of amaryllis and the pelargoniums, parents of the familiar pot plant that we call the geranium. Not so well known are the mesembryanthemums, purple and bright red and golden orange, and the Montbretias, (*Fritonia*), which are relatives of the iris and bear blossoms of red and pink and tawny yellow. Every year some new bloom from the farthest point of Africa is brought into America and planted in our gardens.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS are of the Far East, the national flow-

ers of Japan where they are grown in great diversity of form and color. Gardenias, those most exotic flowers, come from China, and many poppies, too, are oriental. It must not be thought, however, that all our adopted flowers come to us directly from the lands of their nativity. Some traveled strange paths and were long cultivated in Germany or Holland or France or some other European country before they were brought westward across the Atlantic.

PRIMROSES seem to be typically English and of these flowers the poet Wordsworth wrote:

> "A primrose by a rivers' brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

But some primroses come from Asia and from the mountains of continental Europe. Primrose *elatior,* the English primrose, is yellow.

Snowdrops and some violets are English and the pansy there is called "heartsease". Certain varieties of daisies grow in England, too. It was Bliss Carman, the Candian poet, who wrote these lines about daisies:

> "The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
> The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
> And all of their saying was, 'Earth, all is well!'
> And all of their dancing was, 'Life, thou art good'."

SOUTH AMERICA has sent us a varied measure of rich blossoms, Portulaca (*grandiflora*) and canna (*iridiflora*); velvety gloxinias from Brazil and petunias from Argentina. Tigridia, the tiger flower, which resembles both the iris and the lily, is older than the Aztecs who treasured it because its bulbs were delicious to eat. The nasturtium, one of the very oldest of our flowers, is from Mexico and South America. There it flourished when the Mayan empire was at the height of its glory. Ageratum and cosmos and marigolds and poinsettia are from Mexico, and perhaps, also, the gorgeous tuberose.

IT may be that the Mexican ancestor of our garden zinnias might find difficulty in recognizing the flowers that are his posterity. Certainly the first zinnias were not so double and so intricately petaled and strangely colored as our modern blossoms. And dahlias, too, have followed a road of change. A Spaniard saw the small crimson flowers in the mountains of Mexico and he took the seeds to his homeland and planted them in his garden. Then dahlias were grown in Germany and France and England and finally brought to the United States.

It is a strange long road, a path of mystery, sometimes, that the flowers have traveled to come at last into our American gardens.

If the mind, that rules the body, ever so far forgets itself as to trample on its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor.—Longfellow.

Everyone can tell when the moon is full, but it takes a conference of scientists and doctors to define when a man is.—Canadian White Ribbon Tidings.

The man who follows Booze as a hobby will have Poverty as a Playmate.—"Cobbers."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—Attar of roses, songs of birds, cloudless skies
Velvet touch of golden butterflies
Messengers of heaven—
Is this earth or is it Eden?

THE Golden Rule Foundation presume each year to designate the outstanding mother of America. Last year California claimed the "Queen Mother"; this year the state of Nebraska. According to the rating system of the Foundation, estimable as these two mothers are, there are millions of American mothers with equal qualifications. Every man will tell you "There never was a mother like mine."

HELEN KELLER is touring the Orient, giving lectures and introducing a newly developed "talking book" to Japan's 200,000 blind. As she embarked at Yokohama a culprit stole her purse. In returning the loss the embarrassing incident afforded the ultra polite Japanese an opportunity for apologies, in which art they are past grand masters.

PRINCESS Elizabeth of England, recently celebrated her eleventh birthday. Perhaps no living child receives such care. Her education and training is a reminder of that of her great, great-grandmother Victoria, while though further removed from the crown, there was always the possibility of succession in mind.

MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN and Alice Louise Reynolds were the two women, among ten alumni members of the Brigham Young university signally honored for distinguished service this year.

AMY JOHNSON, noted aviatrix, is studying the Weem's system of celestial navigation, at Anapolis preparatory to entering the New York-Paris derby in August, commemorating the tenth anniversary of the Lindbergh flight.

HELENE MAYER of California has won for the third time the U. S. women's fencing championship.

PHILIPPINE women have won by popular vote their suffrage.

MARY TEASDEL, artist, died last April. In the city library at Smithfield, Utah, there is a choice collection of her paintings which like a memorial will ever be a reminder of the unusual talent of this gifted daughter of the pioneers.

DR. ROSALIE S. NORTON in her interesting auto-biography gives credit to American women, physicians and mothers for leading the world in public health, sanitation, and a sane fight against disease.

MARGARET MITCHELL'S "Gone With The Wind" was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best novel of 1936. No one was surprised but the author, for seldom, if ever, has a book had such a sale.

JOAN HASLIP has written "Parnell," one of the outstanding biographies of the year.

MRS. KATHERINE PYPER PRESTON, and Mrs. Emma Jensen, two notable Utah women died this spring. Both prominent in church and club work.

General Relief Society Consolidated Statement of Cash Receipts and Disbursements

STAKE, WARD AND MISSION REPORTS
YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1936
Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Balance Cash on Hand January 1, 1936:			
Charity Fund		$ 44,138.99	
General Fund		97,599.08	
Wheat Trust Fund		10,141.52	
Stake Board Funds		36,376.71	
Total			$ 188,256.30
Cash Receipts:			
Charity Fund		$ 69,620.64	
General Fund:			
Contributions	$ 97,959.55		
Annual Dues	25,733.06		
Other Receipts	50,169.91		
Total General Fund Receipts		173,862.52	
Stake Board Receipts		52,812.47	
Total Cash Receipts			296,295.63
Total Cash To Account For			484,551.93
Cash Disbursements:			
Charity Fund		66,189.48	
General Fund:			
General Expenses	110,542.82		
Annual Dues	27,524.67		
Other Disbursements	24,227.75		
Total General Fund Disbursements		162,295.24	
Wheat Trust Fund		2,465.37	
Stake Board Disbursements		49,966.41	
Total Cash Disbursements			280,916.50
			$ 203,635.43
Balance Cash on Hand December 31, 1936:			
Charity Fund		$ 47,570.15	
General Fund		109,166.36	
Wheat Trust Fund		7,676.15	
Stake Board Funds		39,222.77	
Total		$203,635.43	
Merchandise Received		$ 20,319.05	
Merchandise Disbursed		13,364.20	
Balance on Hand		$ 6,954.85	

CONSOLIDATED STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION
STAKE, WARD AND MISSION REPORTS
AT DECEMBER 31, 1936

ASSETS

Cash on Hand, All Funds			$ 203,635.43
Cash on Hand, Presiding Bishop's Office (Wheat Trust Fund)			407,423.82
Other Invested Funds			35,307.91
Total			646,367.16
Real Estate and Buildings		$167,834.91	
Furniture and Fixtures		92,268.10	
Total			260,103.01
Other Stake Board Assets		61,196.24	
Other Assets		36,154.29	
Total			97,350.53
Total			$1,003,820.70

LIABILITIES

Indebtedness			$ 332.23
Stake Board Net Assets			100,419.01
Balance, Net Assets			903,069.46
Total			$1,003,820.70

STATISTICS

Membership:			
January 1, 1936:			
Executive Officers	15,236		
Visiting Teachers	24,602		
Other Members	32,255		
Total Membership January 1, 1936		72,093	
Increase:			
Admitted to Membership During Year	9,415	9,415	
Total Membership and Increase			81,508
Decrease:			
Removed or Resigned	7,491		
Died	955		
Total Decrease			8,446
Membership:			
December 31, 1936:			
Executive and Special Officers	15,711		
Visiting Teachers	24,860		
Other Members	32,491		
Total Membership December 31, 1936			73,062
The Total Membership Includes:			
General Officers and Board Members			26
Stake Officers and Board Members			1,338
Mission Presidents and Officers			102
Number of Stakes			118
Number of Missions			32
Number of Relief Society Ward and Branch Organizations			1,782

Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts	13,721
Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards	142,942
Number of Relief Society Magazines Taken	40,075
Number of Executive Officers Taking Relief Society Magazine	6,484
Number of Meetings Held in Wards	62,867
Number of Stake Meetings Held	2,252
Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held	1,216
Number of Ward Conferences Held	1,427
Average Attendance at Ward Meetings	31,784
Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers	986,687
Number of Families Helped	15,152
Number of Days Spent with the Sick	39,929
Number of Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	215,260
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	1,917
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers	6,690

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1934	1935	1936
Paid for Charitable Purposes	$ 62,608.95	$ 66,863.86	$ 66,189.48
Total or Present Membership	70,515	72,093	73,062
No. of Relief Society Organizations	1,728	1,744	1,782
No. of Relief Society Magazines Taken	30,449	35,899	40,075
No. of Days Spent with the Sick	44,397	43,996	39,929
No. of Special Visits to Sick and Homebound	222,630	228,871	215,260
No. of Families Helped	17,284	16,647	15,152
No. of Visits by Relief Society Officers to Wards	6,089	6,113	6,690
No. of Visits by Relief Society Visiting Teachers	972,488	994,261	986,687

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Stakes		*Missions*	
Arizona	2,647	Argentina	100
California	3,056	Australia	187
Canada	1,392	Canada	134
Colorado	491	Europe	4,514
Idaho	10,822	Hawaii	630
Mexico	165	Mexico	148
Nevada	905	New Zealand	497
New York	165	Samoa	442
Oregon	186	South Africa	132
Utah	38,436	Tahiti	415
Wyoming	1,460	Tonga	159
		United States	5,979
Total Membership in Stakes	59,725	Total Membership in Missions	13,337

Total Membership in Stakes and Missions 73,062

(Note: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various Wards, with the exception of the Annual Membership Dues.)

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent; nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.—J. Webster.

A sound mind in a sound body; if the former be the glory of the latter, the latter is indispensable to the former.—Tryon Edwards.

To preserve health is a moral and religious duty, for health is the basis of all social virtues. We can no longer be useful when not well.—Johnson.

Notes From the Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

Northcentral States Mission.

A REPORT of most successful activity in the Relief Society of the Northcentral States Mission comes from the President, Sister Elfie S. Richards. During the past season the sisters have been most active in their Magazine campaign, in the Church Security work, and in carrying through the educational program of the Relief Society. The following explanation of the Relief Society colors, blue and gold, comes from the pen of Sister Richards:

"Our Relief Society colors—Blue and Gold—what priceless things they stand for.

Gold—for wheat that women gathered and stored for 42 years.

Gold—for the hearts of the women all over the church who serve so unselfishly.

Gold—for the golden thread of testimony that makes all things possible.

Gold—the distinction of royalty—the mark of intrinsic value of every department of our work to every active member.

Gold—the legal tender of service

MRS. ELEANOR SEEGMILLER AND HER SEVEN DAUGHTERS

THESE TEACHERS WEATHER THE STORM

that makes alive our motto: "Charity never Faileth."

Blue—for the truth of the Gospel that turned the key for women.

Blue—for the loyalty of every member who has the true spirit of Relief Society work.

Blue—like the canopy of heaven whose achievements cover 95 years of progress.

Blue—for bluebirds of happiness in homes whose ideals are the Gospel standards.

Blue—the forget-me-not that brings the 'human touch' to the needy, sick, sad and lonely.

Blue—for our trust in our Heavenly Father's care.

St. George Stake.

THE Spring of the year is Daughters' Day in Relief Society. This is a most delightful observance and quite true to the spirit of Relief Society work. The picture on the opposite page from the St. George Stake is a beautiful example of what Daughters' Day may mean in Relief Society. Sister Eleanor J. Seegmiller, for fourteen years Stake Secretary of the Relief Society, is the proud mother of seven lovely daughters, all active in Relief Society or other auxiliary work in the Church. We congratulate Sister Seegmiller on this beautiful demonstration of Motherhood.

Franklin Stake.

SPEAKING of Visiting Teachers, we are reminded again of one of the most unique and beautiful customs in Relief Society. Reports come from many parts of our widely separated groups telling of the devotion of the Visiting Teachers and the lovely service they render. The above picture is an eloquent testimonial of all that is fine in this serv-

ice. It was taken during the recent Spring, when the sisters were visiting their districts. To quote from the description accompanying the photograph: "These teachers weather the storms. No blizzards, snow drifts nor rain stop them from making their visits each month. In Summer they generally walk through their district, and it covers a distance of more than two and a half miles. This is often quite as great a test of endurance as the Winter storms when one considers the heat and dust. In 1936 these two sisters had 100% record for visiting teachers." We congratulate this Stake and Ward in having Sister Zepha B. Peterson and Venus W. Skinner. "They are surely angels of mercy bringing good cheer to the homes they visit."

Maricopa Stake

THE picture below is a group of members of the Papago Ward Relief Society in the Maricopa Stake. A very interesting chapter on Relief Society work in relation to this group may be written. Through the efforts of the Stake President, Sister Shupe, and Sister Hicks of the Stake Board, the women have participated most enthusiastically. Their handwork is beautiful, and is, to a great extent the preservation of their native arts. They have also developed a fine group of Singing Mothers. The lesson work is presented, and many of the sisters take a keen interest in this. A library has been organized and many things which look for fuller development are in the offing this year.

Garfield Stake

THE Garfield Stake reports a very successful year in Relief Society work. The program is drawn for a whole year's work with those things which have the greatest significance in the different months considered. In September, clothing for children is considered and a discussion offered on hygienic clothing and how the general health and posture of children may be influenced by the type of fabrics and clothes which they wear. October, inexpensive art work that has for its purpose home beautification and making the best use of that available. November,

PAPAGO WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

ESCALANTE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

best toys and their selection for the children of all ages. December, suitable candies and cookies for children, and the making of proper Christmas baskets for the shut-ins and old people. January, winter vegetable preparation, and a study of the types of balanced diets. February, rug making, with attention to proper color combinations and different kinds of rugs, braided, crocheted, hooked, etc. March, the cleaning and proper storing away of winter clothing to prevent moths, etc. April, a general clean-up day in Relief Society and Church buildings. June, simple draperies and kitchen curtains, suitable styles and fabrics in relation to colors, etc. July, entertaining children through summer outings, etc. August, the exchange of patterns and unusual recipes for making the less known articles of household consumption.

These activities were climaxed by a fine display held at Conference.

French Mission

AN interesting account of how the Relief Society work is progressing in the French Mission comes from the President, Sister Hannah Ursenbach. With the exception of one branch, the organization is conducted by local sisters, who have a very progressive outlook, and seem to grasp the meaning of Relief Society work and carry it on very energetically. The printed copies of the lessons have been received, and the courses are followed just as nearly as possible. In some of the districts Union Meetings are held each month, and a representative from each Relief Society in the district is in attendance. The lesson work is given by one of the sisters, who presents it in a very intelligent and interesting manner. The sisters of the Mission are very grateful for the opportunities offered them, and for the materials which are sent to aid them in their regular courses.

Notes to the Field

Mormon Handicraft

MORMON HANDICRAFT was a dream, then a plan and is now a reality. It has opened its friendly doors to all, especially the visitors to our city. Its beautiful setting overlooking as it does the Temple grounds is very advantageous. This and its worthy unselfish purpose should assure its success.

IT has been organized to help meet the crying need for more income and more ways of supplementing and adding to the family resources. Our people have been drawn from many different lands and they have brought their characteristic traits and talents with them. Many are gifted and artistic and do excellent handwork.

Mormon Handicraft affords a market for this work and has been instituted primarily for this purpose. In order to be self-maintaining it must retain a small amount of the proceeds when the articles are sold. It is hoped that it will be possible to reduce the amount of the retainer when experience proves that it can operate on a smaller amount.

The movement has great possibilities for developing new avenues of employment. While our women have always made fine quilts, this should create a demand for many more. The same might be hoped for other things such as rug making, sewing, needle work, pottery, wood carving, painting and sculpture. The making of jellies and jams from native fruits, ground cherry preserve like pioneers made can be featured. Dried corn, candy, honey, figs and sorghum should prove salable and might develop into an industry at points where materials are found and are available.

THE General Board appreciates the loyal and hearty cooperation that has been given by many stakes, wards and individuals. St. John's Stake, Arizona, was the first to take out a membership. It was followed closely by North Weber and its 8th Ward. Highland Stake brought many fine articles with its application for membership. Wasatch Stake brought in a variety of aprons.

Sister Broadbent, of Wasatch Stake, was the first individual to proffer an article for sale. Granite Stake has the distinction of being the first to take out a membership for the stake and for each ward in the stake.

IT is hoped that our fine workmen will avail themselves of the opportunity to turn the work of their leisure time to profit without leaving their homes. Not only will it add to their income but it will increase their skill, their power to do and through excercising their self-expression happier, fuller living will result.

IT can be a challenge to all our people to develop their talents and latent possibilities; to create and make things of a high standard of excellence. "By their works ye shall know them."

These articles displayed and offered for sale will be the banner of the Mormon people to the world. Emerson said that if a man makes even a mouse trap better than any one else the world will beat a path to his door.

WE trust that each member of our great Relief Society organization will use her leisure to grow to full stature of her possi-

bilities. As Walter Pitkin quotes an old English saying:

"Rest is not quitting the busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self for one's sphere."

Mormon Handicraft is organized to aid you; to encourage you by making a market for your hand work.

Work and Business Department—Knitting:

HAVE you ever tried a knitting exchange? If not you will find it a very profitable and enjoyable experience for a Work and Business Meeting. Have members bring knitting to meeting and then exchange their patterns and instructions with one another. At the same meeting a fashion show of knit dresses and sweaters, as well as a display of knit articles, adds much to the occasion. Hand knit dresses are among the most durable and inexpensive clothing, as well as the most fashionable. At a recent fashion show of "knits" in a large department store, the average cost of material was $5.00. There were dresses and sweaters for all occasions and they were truly beautiful. Knit children's and baby clothes are very durable and comfortable. They launder well and are especially good for school. One may obtain from the local merchants illustrated booklets on knitting which give full detailed instructions on how to make the articles illustrated. These booklets contain many suggestions, and ideas for things not illustrated for those who are interested and quick to see possibilities. The following is a practical list of these booklets:

"Hand Knits" Vol. 97, price 15c. Resort Fashions, published by the Bear Brand and Bucilla Yarns.

"Fleishers Classic Hand Knit"—Both Men and Women's clothing, Price 20c.

"Bernat's Handicrafter," Price 25c.

"Minerva Capri Book," price 25c.

"Fleishers Children's Book," this is very fine, and has everything for children. Vol. 33, price 25c.

"Fleishers New Hand Knits for Youth (Girls),", price 25c.

"Fleishers New Fashions in Hand Knits," Vol. 45, price 25c. (This is very complete and beautifully illustrated.)

"Knitted Creations," by Nantung, designs for men and women, price 25c.

We must not forget shawls. Is there anything lovelier to wrap a baby in than a fluffy knit white shawl? Undoubtedly many women will like new patterns for these and will bring shawls for display.

Enlistment Committee

EFFICIENT Enlistment Committee Gets Results," is the very intriguing title under which Sister Elizabeth McKay Hill discusses this very important work in Relief Society. We are very grateful to Sister Hill for the following account of this fine service, and the office heartily endorses it:

"Enlistment work" in the Bonneville Stake under the capable leadership of Ella Coulam is one of our strongest departments. Sister Coulam is a past President, and a woman blessed with the gifts of vision, wisdom and tact.

"A committee of four with one acting as Chairman is chosen in each Ward and it is their duty to learn and interest all who are not attending Relief Society. A card catalogue is compiled containing the name, address and telephone number of each woman living in the Ward eligible

for Relief Society Membership, and by comparison with the roll the committee is aware of the women whom they should interest through personal contact.

"It is suggested that the teacher supervisors call members of the enlistment committee to accompany the regular visiting teacher when her companion cannot go. This enables the enlistment committee members to visit all parts of the Ward and gives them an opportunity to broaden their acquaintance and interest new members. On regular meeting day, the enlistment officers act as a reception committee and introduce to the presiding officers and other members all new-comers and those not acquainted. Nominations for membership may be made by the enlistment committee members.

"On Union Meeting days, the Stake Board member invites a representative from each of the Ward Committees to help receive at the door, so that to each one who attends, a familiar hand is extended and introductions are exchanged enabling all to become Stake conscious as well as Ward conscious.

"The *Relief Society Handbook* is used as a guide in class work at Stake Department meetings; each committee member learns what Relief Society really stands for and can therefore talk intelligently on the subject.

"When Bonneville Stake was organized in 1935, we had an enrollment in our Relief Societies of 435. At the close of 1936 our enrollment was 480. During the year two new Wards were organized from Yale and LeGrand Wards, creating Yalecrest and Gilmer Park; as a result, Gilmer Park enrolled 19 new members and Yalecrest 24 new members.

"For January, February, March, 1937, due to enlistment work, Thirty-third Ward has 6 new members, Yale Ward 6, Yalecrest 7, Emigration 3, LeGrand 11, and Gilmer Park 2.

"We will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Myrtle B. Shurtliff, who was instrumental in starting this work in 1922, when she was President of Liberty Stake, our Mother Stake."

LESSONS FOR 1937-38

The Ministry of the Savior.

In the Theology Department the following lessons will be studied:

1. Some Mormon Contributions To An Understanding Of The Life And Teachings Of Christ.
2. Some Mormon Contributions To An Understanding Of The Life And Teachings Of Christ. (Cont'd.)
3. A Supreme Rule of Life—The Law Of Brotherhood.
4. The Use Of Parables In Christ's Teaching.
5. Some Thoughts On Prayer And The Reign Of Law In The Master's Teaching.
6. Christ And The Doctrine Of The Resurrection.
7. Christ And The Atonement.
8. The Second Advent Of The Messiah.
9. The Influence Of The Christ On Civilization.

The main references for this course are:

Bible.
Book of Mormon
Doctrine and Covenants.
Pearl of Great Price.
Gospel Doctrine—Smith.
The Way to Perfection—Smith.
Jesus The Christ—Talmage.
The Articles of Faith—Talmage.

An additional list of reference books found in the different lessons which will be very helpful for comparison for those who can get access to them follows. Some are not available even to those who have money

to purchase them, but some of them will doubtless be found in the seminary libraries.

Critical Introduction to the Old Testament—Gray.

Introduction To The Old Testament—McFadyen.

Literature Of The New Testament—Scott.

New Testament Criticism—Dana.

Jesus of Nazareth—Klausner.

Experience With The Supernatural In Early Christian Times—Case.

The Teachings of Jesus—Rall.

Notes on the Parables of our Lord—Trench.

The Parables of Jesus—Goebel.

The Parabolic Teaching of Christ—Bruce.

The Parables of Jesus—Buttrick.

Why I Believe in Religion—Brown.

Religion and The Mind of Today—Leighton.

The Mediation and Atonement—Taylor.

The Art of Florence—H. H. Powers.

Great Books—F. W. Farrar.

TEACHERS' TOPIC

In the *Teachers' Topic* certain *traits and dispositions of the Master* will be given. The following are the topics:

1. The Strength Of Jesus.
2. The Firmness Of Jesus.
3. The Optimism Of Jesus.
4. The Courage Of Jesus.
5. The Reasonableness Of Jesus.
6. The Humility Of Jesus.
7. The Patience Of Jesus.
8. The Poise Of Jesus.
9. The Friendship Of Jesus.

LITERATURE

In the Literature Department Biography will be continued with the following lessons:

1, 2, and 3—Sacagawea.

4 and 5—Log Cabin Lady.

6, 7, 8, and 9—The Romance Of An Old Playhouse.

These volumes may be secured at the Deseret Book Store at the following prices:

Star Of The West, Sacagawea .....$1.00 postpaid

Log Cabin Lady.....$1.25 postpaid

The Romance Of An Old Play-

Star Of The West, (Sacagawea) .....$1.00 postpaid

If the entire course is purchased at one time the price to Relief Society is $4, postpaid.

MISSION LESSONS

The Mission Lessons in Biography are as follows:

1. Margaret Bach Huefner.
2. Jennette Evans McKay.
3. Magdalena Straubhaar Schwendiman.
4. Melissa Jane Lambson Davis.
5. Margaret Stalle Barker.
6. Review And Discussion Of Lessons 1-5.

7, 8, and 9. Sacagawea.

Mission Lessons in Child Guidance:

1. Social Behavior.
2. Work and Play.
3. Children's Lies.
4. Sex Education.
5. Adolescence.
6. Personality Adjustments.
7. Success And Failure.
8. Mental Hygiene Of Childhood.

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VOL. XXIV JUNE, 1937 No. 6

Editorial

Wonderful Loyalty

THIS month brings the end of our regular weekly meetings in many stakes. We feel proud and grateful for the wonderful loyalty of the membership of Relief Society in all the wards and missions of the Church. Some who live within a very short distance of the meeting house hardly realize the struggle that some women have had to attend their meetings. Recently a Sister came in the office from the Portola Branch, Nevada District, of the California Mission. This branch has only 16 members enrolled. They live in widely-scattered districts. Sister Inez Roberts, one of the members, makes a total of 53 miles to attend the meetings. On her way she does a good deed by calling for one of the class leaders who lives 20 miles away from the meeting house.

Some of our Visiting Teachers have walked many, many miles in going around their districts. One woman who lived in Canada told me that she had to go around her district on horseback, and several times she would have to get off the horse, unfasten a big gate, lead the horse through, fasten the gate, and mount and go on her way.

We find that it doesn't matter how difficult it is to get to the meeting places nor how far our Visiting Teachers have to go in making their rounds, the members get to the association, the districts are visited. Surely the blessings of our Heavenly Father must attend these women who show their loyalty to His work and their appreciation for the organization effected by the Prophet Joseph Smith which has done and is doing such a marvelous work for women.

Amazing

AS we visit the literary classes from time to time we find the teachers wishing there were more time to tell the lovely things that are in the section of the book under discussion, so imagine our surprise the other day to hear a woman who had recently returned from a near-by State, say that she visited a literary lesson and the teacher said, "I will have to repeat, because last month the teacher gave everything in the book. Next time we'll have a party so as not to repeat again." We wonder how it is possible for anybody to read the life of Abraham Lincoln by Carl Sandburg and not feel that there was enough in it not only for three but for many, many lessons. Teachers show their background and standing by their appreciation of that which is fine. We hope all our teachers in the future will so appreciate the fine things in the books studied that there will not be one who will feel that it is necessary to cover three lessons in one because there isn't enough material.

Changes in Officials in Salt Lake Temple

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS and his wife have for years presided over the work in the Salt Lake Temple, showing marked efficiency and characteristics that have endeared them to all who have entered its sacred precincts. Now they have been asked to superintend the work of all the Temples, and their experience will fit them to eminently perform this task. President Richards will also serve as acting Patriarch.

Elder Stephen L. Chipman will now take Brother Richard's place, and he will be assisted by George F. Richards, Jr., and Nicholas G. Smith. All three have characteristics that fit them for this exalted position. Kindly, gentle, understanding, devoted to the work, they too, will be loved and will carry on the work most successfully.

Superintendency of Y. M. M. I. A.

THE Church through its great educational system has the biggest percentage of men and women ready to fill posts of responsibility and distinction of any body in the world. And so when a vacancy occurs, there are many possible choices to fill it well.

When Albert E. Bowen was chosen as an Apostle, it became necessary to reorganize the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. Three outstanding men now head it —George Q. Morris, Joseph J. Cannon, and Burton K. Farnsworth. All three are graduates of the University of Utah and for many years have held leading positions in the Church. They all know the Mutual Improvement work through years of service in its interest. They are full of faith in the Gospel, progressive in their thought, and deeply interested in the youth of Zion. We are sure their superintendency will be marked by efficiency and progress in the great work they are heading.

To Our Contributors

IT is well known that stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all manuscripts submitted to a Magazine. In the past we have returned the manuscripts of many who have omitted this obligation, but hereafter we shall not return manuscripts unless the writer sends postage, neither can we keep them for future call.

Lessons for 1937-38

WE call our readers' attention to the fact that we shall begin publishing the lessons for 1937-38 in the July issue of the Magazine. We hope all whose subscriptions expire with the June issue will renew now so that they will have the material for next fall. Not only should they subscribe but they should put their Magazines away carefully so they will know where they are when needed for next season's work. Magazine Agents would do well to interview those whose subscriptions expire during the summer months and get renewals.

Erratum

WE regret that an error was made in our March issue in the date of the first organization of the Palestine-Syrian Mission Relief Society. The first Relief Society was organized in 1906 at Aleppo and another organization was effected at Aintab in the same year, while Sister Mary R. Moyle Booth, wife of President Joseph Booth, was laboring in that mission. This was then known as the Turkish Mission.

To Stake Presidents

ABOUT the time that this *Magazine* reaches you, you should receive a package containing enough "Instructions to Magazine Agents," receipt books and order blanks for each Ward in your Stake. Will you kindly send these to the Ward Magazine Agents at once, urging them to secure as many subscriptions as possible now? Call their attention to the fact that the lessons for next season will begin in the July issue, and that all those whose subscriptions expire before that date should renew at once in order that they may have their lessons ready for next fall.

To Our Magazine Agents

YOU will soon receive from your Stake President a pamphlet, "Instructions To Magazine Agents," your order blanks and receipt books.

Since the lessons for next season will begin in the July issue, we urge that the Magazine Agents get as many subscriptions as possible now, so that none of our members will be without the first lessons next fall.

For a long time we have urged that the securing of *Magazine* subscriptions be an all-year campaign, rather than leaving all the work until the month specified for our Drive. If this advice is followed, the period from September 15 to October 15 will then be a time of gleaning, of making and sending reports; the work will not be strenuous, and much greater success can be attained in this way.

Let us make 1937 far exceed 1936, wonderful as that record was.

A Generous Gift

BROTHER JACOB MAGLEBY of Thornton, Idaho, has done a gracious thing that we believe has never been equalled before in our history in sending 18 yearly subscriptions to women residing in his Ward. He asked Mrs. Martha Briggs, secretary of Archer Ward Relief Society, to give him the names of all the mothers in the Ward over 50 years of age, also all the *widows* who did not have the *Magazine* in their home, whether they were members of the Church or not. The list was sent to him. He returned it with a check, asking that a year's subscription to the *Magazine* be sent to each one.

We thank Brother Magleby for his generosity and for the kindly thought that prompted it.

FATHER

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

'Tis fathers' day and so I thought
To send you this bouquet;
Inadequate to speak my love
Or half my heart would say.

My gratitude is for the faith
You manifested clear;
And kept at any sacrifice,
'Tis that I hold most dear.

Obedience I early loved
Because you walked aright;
My reverence was half for you
When taught the gospel's light.

For thrift, I thank your honest heart
Your fine scholarly mind;
This is a mighty tool to have
As I have come to find.

I thank you for your charity,
For all the help you gave—
By hearing every call that came
And going forth to save.

Now, though the years have taken toll,
Nobility still flings
Its gracious halo 'round your head,
And ranks you with the kings.

HOME

By Lydia Hall

Adventurers, who sail through skies of blue
On eagle wings beyond the horizon,
Your clear eyes seeking unknown lands where you
May view strange wonders 'neath a foreign sun;
O, brothers of the restless heart who hear
And list to the call of the seven seas
It must be fine to rove year after year
Discovering all of earth's mysteries,
But O, the strongest call to me today,
The one that fills my fondest dreams is home,
Beneath the old roof tree I want to stay,
I love the fireside too much to roam,
I am content to be where joy is still,
A small, brown wren beside the window sill.

COMPENSATION

By Ella J. Coulam

If the sun were always shining
And the skies forever blue,
We would never see the starlight
Or flowers filled with dew.

If our paths were strewn with roses
With no thorns to hurt our feet,
We would never know the value
Of true friends that we meet.

If the winter snows kept falling
With no summer for relief,
We would never know the peace
That follows after grief.

I WISH

By Julina B. Green

I wish my past misdeeds could be
  Completely cast aside like garments old,
Nor leave a stain, nor spot on me,
  Nor on my future life still keep a hold.

I wish my selfish heart could yield
  To others all that's rightly theirs,
And not uphold its own ungodly ways,
  But lose them in unselfish prayers.

I wish my loved ones and my friends
  Could cover all my wrongs with charity
And only see in me my better self
  And understand me as I try to be.

I wish that I could live a life so sweet,
  So truly lovely and so undefiled
That every act or thought might safely be
  Exposed unguarded to a little child.

I hope in that fair future life
  My puny virtues might expand
To such dimensions that by each loved one I can be
  Truly understood; and understand.

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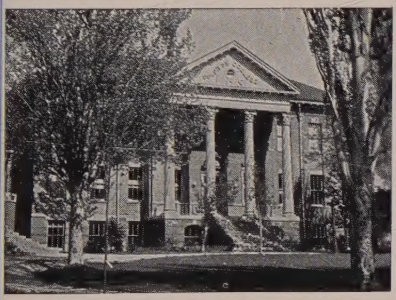

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